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Notes of the Week

WE are in need of many things in these days, but specially we are in need of the candour and sincerity which lies behind the Carlylean doctrine of work. The proceedings of Sir Alfred Mond and the Ministry of Health towards the Borough Council and the Guardians of Poplar mean quite simply that in Europe, alone of all considerable countries involved in the war, we are in danger of being in the grip of the sloth and decadence implied in the readiness to pay people considerable sums for doing nothing and in the belief that such a policy is a cure for hardship, which admittedly exists but which can only be dealt with by tackling not symptoms but causes. Historical principles do not change, and the policy of Sir Alfred Mond and his colleagues in his Ministry does not differ in essence from that which have preceded every sort of social revolution since history began. In every case they have proved fallacious and they are not likely to be more effective now.

In any case it would be hard to match the cynical impertinence of Sir Alfred Mond's reply to his questioner in the House who asked if it were the case that in Poplar doles were being paid to men who were refusing available work. "It is open," replied Sir Alfred, "to any ratepayer to attend [the Poplar audits] and object to payments in respect of relief which he regards as unlawful." If there were a real conscience in the House of Commons a Minister who could not answer such a question with a straight Yes or No would be compelled to resign.

The curtain of the censorship has descended on Ireland and we do not know and have no means of knowing what is going on. It is important that this should be realized because there appears to be a disposition to believe that because nothing appears in the papers, nothing is happening. It is well known that the centre of republican feeling is the province of Munster, with certain subsidiary outposts in the province of Connaught. Except for one exceedingly brief news agency telegram that a republic had been proclaimed in the city of Cork, we have had no news whatever from these areas in Ireland since after the beginning of the siege of the Four Courts. During the war the military censorship was necessarily severe, but it is important that English people should realize that at the height of its rigour it was infinitely less drastic than the censorship of Mr. Collins. Ordinarily speaking, a censorship is applied severely in proportion as the Government which controls it is in difficulties. It was, in France, only when we turned check into victory that we had that freedom and expansiveness of information which marked our communiqués of the last hundred days. Mr. Collins must therefore not be surprised if the complete immobilization from the news point of view of the South and West of Ireland is not generally regarded here as being anything but evidence of military and political difficulties of a formidable kind.

We do not know how many "National troops" were engaged in Dublin, nor anything of their formations, their staff work, their recruitment and their munitioning. We have heard in the foolish despatches of some of the war correspondents of the "Dublin Guards." Who are the Dublin Guards and who are the "fighting third" also mentioned? Is the Irish National army to retain the unique position of being the only army in Europe whose composition is undisclosed in the ordinary works of reference? Where is Mr. de Valera? Why does the Free State Government simply refer to its enemies as "Irregulars"? How is it possible to do several million sterling's worth of damage and capture at the end of it a garrison of sixteen men? Finally, to have done with questions, how does a military situation arise where, after eight days of carnage, there are more civilian than military casualties? It is well that Irish people should realize the growing suspicion of ordinary people on this side of St. George's Channel about the competence and sincerity of their military proceedings and our growing impatience with their results.

Precious little interest has been taken in the Hague Conference, because of the almost universal feeling that it would lead to nothing. As we go to press, it seems probable that it will break up immediately, and form another object lesson in the general uselessness of these conferences. We are threatened, however, with still another of them, for it has been reported that there is to be a Conference of Britain, France and Italy on the Near East question, at which representatives of the Greeks and of the Turks, both from Constantinople and Angora, are to attend and presumably argue as well as state their case. It does not seem to us that such a

procedure is likely to advance matters in the least, but, on the contrary, will have the effect of delaying a settlement indefinitely. For while the Greeks may be amenable, the Turks, especially from Angora, continue to maintain the most uncompromising attitude. Some months ago the Foreign Ministers of Britain, France and Italy agreed in recommending a settlement which, though not ideal, was fairly satisfactory and met with wide approval. The Allies should stand by it, as nothing better is in sight.

The Hague Conference having apparently collapsed, that regrettable building, the Peace Palace, again enshrines the relics of some vanished aspirations. As we have before pointed out, the illness of Lenin, the absence abroad of Chicherin, and the resultant predominance of Trotsky will tend, especially when one takes into account the relations between climate and strategy, to deflect the commercial and financial pre-occupations of the Soviet delegates at Genoa to more purely military channels. Soviet Russia, in fact, having tried and failed to get the other powers at the Hague to handle its internal situation from a purely business point of view, has been so completely unable to express itself that the conference has broken down, and we must wait till the Kingdom of Poland, encouraged by the willingness of Lord Esher to allow it to have an army twenty-five per cent. larger than that of Great Britain, puts up what fight it can against the last assault of Trotsky on Western Europe. The situation is full of menace, and the most gloomy predictions might not be unjustified. In the meantime, those English supporters of Soviet statesmanship who persist in their allegiance may not unprofitably study the Hague proceedings.

Since our description of Lord Esher's disarmament proposals last week, which has been the subject of subsequent comment in the Sunday Press, the Prime Minister has answered a question on the matter in the House in which he disclaimed any responsibility for the proposals on the part of the Government. This is the kind of answer which members of Parliament, sometimes imperfectly instructed, are apt to accept without further examination. In fact Lord Esher succeeded Mr. Fisher, who is a member of the Cabinet, and therefore by his presence engaged Cabinet responsibility, in the post which he now occupies. So impressed was Lord Esher with the significance and importance of his duties that he actually asked for and was given the dignity of a Privy Councillorship before he attended the Commission. Furthermore, though one other Englishman, Lord Robert Cecil, was appointed as a distinguished and independent outsider by the Council of the League itself, Lord Esher was selected and nominated by Great Britain. It is, no doubt, possible for the Prime Minister to disown Lord Esher's proposals. In view of their preposterous character nobody would expect him to do anything else. Equally, however, it is possible for the Prime Minister, either to abandon the right of a British representative to sit on this dubious committee altogether, or else to see that we are represented by somebody who, if he does not engage the Government, at any rate does not affront either the dignity or commonsense of the people of this kingdom.

The Council of the League of Nations, which usually meets at Geneva, is changing its place of meeting this time and begins its sittings on Monday at St. James's Palace. The presence of Lord Balfour at the Council meeting is clearly necessary in the interests of the prestige of the British Government in the League. Either we take our membership in the League seriously, which we have a right to do if only because the dominions of the King pay more towards the upkeep and

salaries of its central office and secretariat than any other Power which is a member, or we ought to leave it altogether. The subjects of the present meeting are not numerous but they are important. Chief of them is the Palestine Mandate, and we shall have the opportunity of admiring the agility of Lord Balfour on the subject of his own declaration and—what is with respect to Lord Balfour much more important—of witnessing for the first time since 1871 the Government of the kingdom of Italy acting definitely and officially in the interests of the Vatican.

Was there or was there not a pledge given that the embargo on Canadian cattle should be withdrawn? The debate in the Lords on Wednesday was adjourned till next week, when the subject will also be discussed in the Commons, but from what was said on Wednesday it is clear that men who are perfectly competent to form an opinion on the point take different views. Thus Lord Birkenhead was on one side—on the side of the pledge, so to speak—while Lord Ernle, who, as Mr. Prothero, was more responsible than any other for the alleged pledge, was on the other side. He explained that what he had had in his mind was the withdrawal of the "slur," not of the actual embargo itself. What, however, is certain is that Canada was given the impression that the embargo was to be cancelled. Sir A. G. Boscawen, the Minister of Agriculture, asks in a letter to the Press, "Are we to reverse the considered policy of this country under which we have built up the finest flocks and herds in the world and have made our livestock the envy of all countries?" This question contains what we feel is a strong argument. Moreover, since the Canadian farmer is quite free to send his cattle here in the form of meat, the question cannot affect him so acutely as it affects the breeder on this side. It is the transport people who are affected.

Here is an illustration of the way in which the Lloyd George Government tampers with the constitutional fabric. It is announced that Mr. King, the Canadian Premier, is going shortly to Washington to discuss the appointment of a Canadian Minister to the United States. The Dominion Parliament recently voted a sum of money for the creation of this post, and we suppose the matter, which has provoked differences of opinion among the Canadians themselves, must now be regarded as settled. It was first mooted in the Dominion House of Commons as far back as 1892. In 1920 it was stated officially both in London and Ottawa that an arrangement had been concluded between the British and Canadian Governments by which a Canadian Minister Plenipotentiary was to be appointed by the Canadian Government to take charge of Canadian interests at Washington. In the statement referred to it was alleged that this arrangement denoted no change in the diplomatic unity of the Empire—though it obviously does. It is an entirely new departure, and in our view unwarranted, because a Canadian Commercial Attaché on the permanent staff of the Embassy at Washington would meet the case perfectly well. We shall return to the subject.

In the Commonwealth House of Representatives at Melbourne Mr. Hughes, the Premier, has had a good majority in his favour on a vote of censure that was moved by the Labour Party, whose leader, Mr. Charlton, had accused him of wasting money over badly thought-out immigration schemes. In his reply Mr. Hughes said that 24,000 immigrants entered Australia last year, and that this was a satisfactory number. In the circumstances, particularly having regard to the expansionist policy of Japan, we are bound to say that this number does not strike us as being anything like adequate. Australia needs immigrants by the hundreds of

thousands; much smaller increases will not do. We must note, however, that Mr. Hughes spoke hopefully of the plans of the Governments of Western Australia and New South Wales; indeed, he referred to the immigration system of the former as the beginning of a scheme which would convince the world that Australia was determined to people the continent. To people the continent is precisely what is required—and there may not be any too much time in which to achieve it.

In a leading article in our issue of June 3 we asked what was the policy of the Government with respect to Mesopotamia, or Irak, as Mr. Churchill now calls that country. It had been stated on fairly good authority that King Feisal intended to repudiate the Mandate and desired to negotiate a treaty with Britain on an equal footing. From what Mr. Churchill said in the House on Tuesday this seems to represent pretty accurately the views of Feisal, who, however, has been informed that he must accept the Mandate, and that any treaty must be made subject to the Mandate. On the other hand, Feisal was told that Britain reserved to herself the right to lay the Mandate at the feet of the League of Nations and wash her hands of the whole business. The implied threat was enough for Feisal, who forthwith capitulated. The Mandate holds, but there is to be a treaty between Britain and Irak, and we reserve our comment pending its publication. We have always doubted the wisdom of appointing Feisal king of Irak, and from what we hear it is not the Mesopotamians who keep him on the throne, but practically the British alone. Were the British to withdraw, it is almost certain that Feisal would in one way or another be eliminated, and our fine "independent Arab State" would break up into particularly sanguinary bits.

After a session which lasted six months the French Senate and Chamber adjourned on Saturday, and will not meet again till mid-October. The session has been remarkable not for what it has done, but for what it has left undone. Though many small Bills were passed, none of them was of importance. The Budget was not discussed, although the estimates were tabled some weeks ago; the decisions of the Washington Conference were not ratified; and, what was of more immediate moment, nothing was done about the Wiesbaden Agreement and other agreements respecting the payment of reparations in kind. A couple of days before the House rose, however, the Chamber adopted a vote of confidence in M. Poincaré and his Government by 532 votes to 65 votes. M. Poincaré would thus appear to be given a pretty free hand. How will he use it? It is while the Houses are not sitting that biggish events have rather a way of happening. And something really very big impends; for France, no less than Germany, is standing at the cross-roads.

Britain's position in regard to aerial defence is still very much in the air. No definite policy has yet been decided on—unless we can call stagnation a policy—and while there is unanimity in declaring our aerial arm inadequate to the situation, there is anything but unanimity in the remedies suggested. One cries, "Build more aeroplanes"; another, "Develop airships"; a third sees salvation only in the advancement of commercial aviation at the expense of the State. Mr. Galsworthy, on the other hand, blithely advocates the complete prohibition of flying in any and every form. Meanwhile, the general dissatisfaction with the Air Ministry has led to a renewal of the agitation in favour of disbanding the Air Force, reverting to the old system whereby both the Army and the Navy had their own complement of flying machines, working independently.

Those who make this demand are both right and wrong. The aeroplane is a weapon, just as a tank or a torpedo is a weapon, and as such both the Navy and the Army should have a supply of aeroplanes for their own use, how and when they think fit. Viscount Curzon was right when he said in the House on Thursday that "a Navy that cannot take to the air is at the mercy of the Navy that can." At the same time, to abolish the independent Air Force would be fatal; for although the aeroplane is a weapon, it is also a unit of offence and defence, and in future wars will be used not only in conjunction with navies and armies, but independently, to aim a blow at the enemy's industrial and economic heart. The solution, therefore, undoubtedly should be to allow the Navy and Army a supply of aeroplanes and airships, and at the same time to develop a strong Air Force unconnected with either. But it appears that the Navy's meagre supply of machines dwindled during the week with the rapidity of the ten little nigger boys, while the Army, of course, has none at all, and the Air Force only such as are obsolete or obsolescent. Other countries—potential enemies—are forging ahead; it is impossible to stand still in the air.

In a country hedged about by every kind of pettifogging restriction on personal liberty, we suppose we must count as a gain the removal by the London County Council of their restriction on the playing of games in parks on Sundays. The arguments against the step were strong, and it cannot be denied that for some Sunday games will entail Sunday labour. Nor must we forget the restrictions thus placed upon those people—still in a majority—who use the parks on Sundays, but do not play games. The last thing we desire to see in this country is a "Continental Sabbath," but we do not think Sunday games are likely to contribute to that end any more disastrously than Sunday travel or the Sunday cinema.

"Mrs. Lloyd George concluded her whirlwind tour in the West last night, when she spoke at Camborne after travelling 120 miles during the day." We have collected the foregoing from a column headed "Interesting Items from All Quarters" in Thursday's *Daily Express*. We shall hope not to be charged with discourtesy to a lady who is the wife of the Prime Minister, when we say that the innovation implied in this tour of Mrs. Lloyd George seems to us wholly regrettable. Our statesmen—and especially if we may say so, the Prime Minister—are singularly able, from the demagogic point of view, to look after themselves. The devotion of a Lady Beaconsfield or a Mrs. Gladstone, curtailed as it was within the limits of domesticity, was admirable without qualification, and both have a permanent place in English political history in consequence. Would they have bettered that place if they had concluded a whirlwind tour by a journey of one hundred and twenty miles in one day? Probably not.

It is probable that no eminent figure in literary history would make so apposite a cinema hero as Lord Byron. There is a double poetic justice in the announcement that the grandson of Byron's own stage producer has produced a film based on the spectacular adventures of the poet. The idea would probably have found Byron curiously divided. The conservative in him which found Pope the prince of poets would have been shocked at the cinematization of his adventures, despite the considerable precedent among his peers. But his flair for magnificent advertisement, his theatricality, his sense

of gesture, would have welcomed the medium with delight. It is to be hoped, however, that cinema producers will treat our literary hierarchy with reverence. The centenary of Shelley may have drawn sufficient public attention to him to warrant such another experiment. But to recreate on the screen the wild solemnity of his death would be an affront which lovers neither of poetry nor the cinema should tolerate.

Four wickets for 403 and a complete innings of 222—here is a sufficient contrast in the 'Varsity match to the advantage of Cambridge. After the first day, they could hardly lose. Although the defensive play of Oxford was excellent, in the second innings they collapsed, Mr. Allen being irresistible, and Mr. Stevens alone showing any confidence. Indeed, the two captains stood out as by far the best batsmen. Mr. Chapman hit hard, but Mr. Ashton was always the stylist. Mr. Browne's queer bowling always needed watching. Mere hitting was vehemently desired by the spectators, but at least they saw good fielding and capital running between the wickets, a combination Lord's has not previously produced this year. These amateur matches are always keen, and Eton v. Harrow should prove no exception.

NEW TOYS AND OLD TRUTHS

"There is not so lawful or commendable a jealousy as an Englishman's of the growing greatness of any Prince at sea."

THESE words are an extract from the King's Speech at the opening of Parliament in 1677, and two hundred and thirty years later this jealousy found expression in the doggerel cry of "We want eight and we won't wait." To-day, the greatness of Princes at sea is, in theory, not permitted to grow; but to keep alive this "jealousy" is the task of those who, like ourselves, presume to question the ability of a Wilson or a Harding to create the atmosphere of Arcadia in a world peopled by human beings. That the task will be difficult has recently been indicated in the columns of the daily Press; that it is still of vital importance, no one who takes an impartial view of world affairs, or who has read that remarkable book 'The Problem of the Pacific in the Twentieth Century,' can for a moment doubt.

Although the Captains and the Kings continue to depart; though armies have melted away and fleets have been scrapped, the headlines and posters of the daily Press still shriek at us in phrases which were coined when bombs were falling in Fleet Street. To the popular journalist the magnitude of an event is always relative to the normal. Unlike the boarding-house barometer, he estimates the weather by the steepness of the depression rather than by the height of the mercury. He compares Dublin with Dulwich, and plasters his reports of street-fighting with epithets more appropriate to the Somme. And, knowing his foible, we are amused. But when, reading of recent events in Torbay, we find that a squadron consisting of nine battleships with attendant small craft is referred to as an "armada," we are tempted to wonder whether the hyperbole is entirely "journalese." Perhaps it is auto-suggestion run mad. As the nervous punter sustains his spirits by inscribing on the walls of a public place the name of the horse on which he has staked his shilling so, it may be, our correspondent, fearing the worst, finds comfort in the reiteration of the word "armada." We hope it is so. But, on turning over the page, we find from another source, jeering references to bows and arrows.

The danger to-day is that the Navy will lose, as it lost a hundred years ago, its prestige and its importance in the eyes of the public. Memories of the Victorian novel recall the fact that the Naval Officer in fiction was of the type usually described as "poor but

honest" and his class that of the superior tradesman. The soldier, on the other hand, moved in the best society and was lavish with money. Frequently he was an adulterer, but "oh!" as the servant maid would say, "what a gentleman." This attitude towards the Navy still exists, or recently existed, in that early-Victorian country, America. Not many years ago when a British squadron visited the United States one of the officers was endeavouring to entertain a leader of New York society and found her manner somewhat disconcerting. At last, to make conversation, he pointed out one of his messmates whose social rank entitled him to precedence on most occasions. "What!" exclaimed the lady, "Do you have princes in your navy?" and from that moment she was graciousness personified. This attitude is dangerous. It will be a bad day for the Empire when the Navy no longer attracts the best class of youngsters. And it will be worse if the campaign of those whom we may call the Anti-Navy League succeeds in persuading the tax-payer that money spent on the Navy is wasted.

It started before the war. We had what Borrow would have called the mine-and-submarine humbug. We were told that a water-borne fleet was helpless against these two weapons. Fortunately our leaders did not share this view. With sweep and net, with paravane and depth-charge were these dangers countered. Beatty and Tyrrwhit showed that the largest vessels, travelling at a high speed, had nothing to fear from mine or torpedo, and the immunity of our ships from both reduced the German staff to despair. And now we have the air-craft humbug. We are told that ships have lost their uses and, in the event of attack by aircraft, would lose their existence. The "Sure Shield" of yesterday is the "Bow and Arrow" of today. We are proud to say that we belong to the bow-and-arrow school. We are the last to minimize the importance of air-craft and yield to none in our desire to see our superiority in this arm recovered. But we strongly condemn recent attempts to extol air-craft *at the expense of the Navy*. No one would suggest that the air is the Englishman's heritage. The qualities which go to the making of an airman are found in every nation. But in those qualities which go to the building up of an invincible navy England is still pre-eminent, and to surrender our advantage in this respect would be as suicidal as the surrender by the Scots at Pinkie and Dunbar of the tactical advantages which their position gave them. We must beware lest the fascination of the new toy blind us to the force of the old truths. While our commerce is carried in water-borne ships a water-borne fleet will be needed to protect it, and in the next war as in the last it will be upon the Navy that the safety of the Empire will chiefly depend. We must keep in sight the fact that the destruction of the German fleet has not removed the possibility of naval warfare. The aspirations of an island race are the history of the British Empire, and it would ill befit us to grudge them to a newly-awakened nation in the East. But if in the attempted fulfilment of those aspirations that nation runs athwart our hawse we shall need more than nine ships of the line.

It is therefore the duty of those who, like ourselves, stand fast in the old faith to endeavour to maintain the prestige of the Navy and, in spite of Washington and Genoa, persistently to fan the traditional "jealousy" of our countrymen in order that it may be ready to burst into flame if the existence of our Imperial brotherhood is challenged.

DEVELOP THE EMPIRE

IN these days politics and economics are more and more seen to be bound so closely together that they may be considered as one. Political stability, with all which that implies, cannot consist with economic ruin. As the road to recovery in Europe grows visibly harder and steeper, nothing can be more natural or in-

deed wiser than for those who are able in any measure to disinterest themselves in her unhappy and unpromising affairs to turn their attention to any large sphere of effort where stable conditions, superimposed on a far-reaching basis at once politically and economically sound, afford good hope of successful achievement. The British are precisely in this position, and they are beginning to see it, though as yet dimly. It is not possible, nor is it desirable, for us to disinterest ourselves absolutely in Europe, but it is possible, and as things are, it is eminently desirable, that we should do so to a great extent. In our Empire we possess not only a large sphere of effort, politically stable and economically sound, but the largest sphere ever known in all history. We have an Empire which covers about a quarter of the habitable surface of the globe, and includes about a quarter of the population of the earth; it has the widest range of climate and soil; its resources are without bound and its possibilities in every direction are beyond calculation. And yet the British, as a people, have not really learned to think imperially of this their wonderful and glorious heritage. They are insufficiently instructed about it. There is no more absorbing story than that of the growth and development of the Island Kingdom of Great Britain into the British Commonwealth of Nations, with its free self-governing States, the Crown Colonies, India, and the Protectorates, as well as the special Mandated Territories. It is a story that every British child should be taught and well taught. Apart from the elementary facts of life and the rudiments of knowledge, there is hardly anything that he can learn that is more inspiring and, in the material sense, more profitable. When that child grows up, thus informed, he will think imperially of the Empire, and will appreciate the unparalleled opportunities it offers.

There was a time, not so long past, when Britain neglected the Empire, and the Colonial Secretaryship was the least esteemed of all the great Offices of State. This certainly has not been the case of recent years, and it is not the case now. But much more might be done, will in point of fact have to be done, for the Empire than has been done. The Empire lives by trade. The economic destitution of a large part of Europe has necessarily reduced, where it has not destroyed, the markets for the British in that area, and therefore other markets must be found. The need of concentrating on the development of the resources of the Empire is extremely urgent. It is in the Empire that commerce and industry may and will find compensation for the lost markets of Europe—that is, so far as they are lost. There are other markets which are still available, as in China, but they are not comparable with those within, or that can be created within, the Empire itself. The crying need, then, is to develop the Empire. How is this to be met and satisfied in the most expeditious and at the same time solid manner? Evidently the effort must be co-operative on the part of all the members of the Empire so far as is possible. While the Dominions may be and are expected to do whatever they can to help themselves, it is to Britain that the Empire looks for assistance in its development. It is right that this help should be given as liberally as possible, quite as much for Britain's sake as for the Empire's. With respect to the Crown Colonies, Mr. Churchill—by far the ablest Colonial Secretary we have had—has understood this very well. He has authorized several important development loans. During the past year a number of Colonies and Protectorates have obtained loans in London to the amount of twenty-three millions sterling, the bulk of this considerable sum being spent in Britain on manufactured articles, with a consequent alleviation of the British economic position. All these Empire-efforts have what may be called a reciprocal influence and value.

Again, large tracts of the Empire simply clamour for population. The Empire Settlement Act is a great step in this direction. This was the work very largely of Mr. L. S. Amery, late Under-Secretary for the Colonies, and now Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty. On

Monday Mr. Amery was entertained at luncheon by the British Empire Producers' Organization in recognition of that work. In the course of an interesting and important speech he imagined, after describing the vast extent and the astonishing wealth of the Empire, how bewildered a "casual visitor from another planet" would be when he was told that the British had invested thousands of millions in countries outside their own Empire, and were, even now, after the exhaustion of the Great War, devoting far more attention to the discussion of the credits required to rehabilitate Central Europe or prop up tottering Bolshevism in Russia than to plans of Empire development. Mr. Lloyd George might, we think, note these words, for they go to the heart of the matter. Mr. Amery also spoke of the tremendous surprise that would be felt by the visitor from another planet when he heard that the British race, instead of spreading itself rapidly and evenly over its vast unpopulated lands, lived, to the number of three-fourths of its white people, huddled together on one-fiftieth of the area suitable for their habitation, while the remaining fourth were unable, by reason of the absence of adequate mutual support, to make the most of the bounty which nature offered in such profusion. In short, Mr. Amery drove home with great force the truth that the Empire is much under-developed, and that the prime object of British policy should be the remedying of this state of things. With this we thoroughly agree. In the SATURDAY REVIEW we have more than once expressed the opinion that it is high time to cut our losses, so far as may be, in Europe, and to concentrate on the Empire. And everything that happens confirms us in this view.

THE REFORM OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS

THE Government's resolutions on the Reform of the House of Lords have now been laid on the table of the House and will be the subject of a discussion next week. No one is likely to criticize their terms as revolutionary or adventurous. They bear in fact traces of a Cabinet discussion which must have been unharmonious to a degree unknown since the summer of 1914, and though they are so drawn as to be capable of amendment by anyone who happens to be in possession of a reform scheme and is sufficiently courageous to bring it forward, they do not as they stand give much evidence of a constructive mind on the part of their authors. What they do show is that the Coalition Liberals, however supine they may be in other matters, still retain both vigour and conviction in constitutional questions; still preserve an unsuspected tough-mindedness about the Parliament Act, and have been able to impress it on the text of the resolutions. It seems also clear that the ingenious complexities of the scheme produced by the joint committee of both Houses under the late Lord Bryce have been definitely disregarded. We have at any rate to be thankful for that.

Vague as their terms are, the resolutions do touch on three elements of importance in this complicated and difficult problem. The present House of Lords, enlarged, if not enriched, by the copious creations of recent years, is in membership more numerous than the House of Commons, and the first element in any reform must be to reduce its dimensions, and to prevent those interferences with constitutional propriety which must necessarily arise when the sudden appearance of usually absent members is employed to tip the balance in one direction in a vote. These methods of ambush are neither dignified nor do they show statesmanship. It was their reckless employment in the years between 1906 and 1910, under the decorous but not always intelligent despotism of Lord Lansdowne, that provided the driving force for that most imperfect piece of constitution-mongering, the Parliament Act.

A reconsideration of that measure must necessarily be the second element in any reform scheme. It was

only the accident of the war, bringing with it as it did a spirit in politics which meant a complete breach in the continuity of our parliamentary life that prevented the country as a whole from becoming aware of the unquestionable and utter failure of the Parliament Act in practice. The application of it to the three main Bills which its enactment was designed to secure—the Home Rule Bill, the Welsh Disestablishment Bill and the Bill to abolish Plural Voting—produced a series of political crises as violent and as sterile as any which has disgraced our political history. If the war had not knocked it clean out of our heads, it would have been found out long ago, and its repeal and replacement by some other regulations designed to protect the just pretensions to legislative predominance and to financial control of the House of Commons is the first necessity in any reform scheme. The resolutions tabled on behalf of the Government could hardly evade the issue, though no doubt under the mistaken pressure of the Coalition Liberal members of the Cabinet Committee they have gone as near doing so as they could. It will be impossible for the House in the debate to follow their example. The third element in the problem is the necessity for finding some means for recruiting the House of Lords without increasing the hereditary peerage. There are, notoriously, many able servants of the State, with the special qualities of experience, tranquillity and judgment, which are an essential to a Second Chamber, who by reason of temperament, or money, or for some other cause, dislike the idea of accepting a title and still more dislike the obligation to hand it on to their descendants. Such people will occur to everybody's mind, and undefined as the Government's proposals in this respect are, they do show at any rate it was in the minds of the committee which drew it up.

These resolutions, though they have sketched out the main lines of the problem and in the three points to which we have referred, have touched some essential elements in it, are nothing more than a kind of chalk egg to lure our constitution mongers to sit. In this matter there is no escape from first principles, and the evasion of them in this series of resolutions is their most obvious defect. What is our theory of a two-chamber Parliament? What is the considered conception of the functions of the House of Lords on the part of the Government? Can a change in its constitution which, after all, has persisted unaltered since representative government began until 1911, be made without the most anxious consideration and without the concurrence of all parties in the State? These are some of the questions which careful people will ask themselves before they agree to consider legislation based either on the resolutions which have been tabled or on any other resolutions. For ourselves, we are not ashamed to say that we profess no convictions on this vital question. The whole matter is so clouded by the trivial and turbulent irrelevancies of party strife that what is wanted at the moment is not so much settled convictions as the spirit of exploration. It took two general elections to secure the passing of the Parliament Act, but will anybody have confidence enough now to say that this double appeal to the country in 1910, clouded as it was with every sort of prejudice and passion, produced an Act which was either workable or desirable? Do not let us make the same mistake again. We can remedy some of the more obvious defects of the House by means which would not require any fundamental alteration in the constitution of Parliament. It would be simple to permit Ministers to sit in both Houses. It ought to be possible to create some kind of legislative committee of the House of Lords which would be moderate in principle, which would avoid the scandal of the ambush to which we have referred, and which would do for politics on, of course, a much greater scale in point of numbers what the House, when it is sitting as a Court of Appeal, does for law. For the rest, the wisest counsel is infinite caution.

THE ART OF RESTING

BY FILSON YOUNG

HERE are people in the world of whom it may truly be said that they never rest; who go from morning to night and from season to season with every minute accounted for in advance; who are always going from one definite and organized occupation to another; who never read and never think, but who spend their time in moving from place to place and in talking. Before their eyes life moves with the vibration of a cinematograph; and if they were to attempt to sit down and rest they would probably never get up again, but would dissolve into old age and helplessness; as some cosmic substance, held together by centrifugal forces and flying through space, would, if its movement were arrested, fly asunder into dust. There are men of this kind, but there are more women; they are often what is called leaders of society; they are present at every function, their names are every day in the newspapers; nothing in the eyes of the people who take such a life seriously can be regarded as successful without their presence. How do they do it?

Violent affections need violent antidotes; desperate plights call for desperate remedies; consequently the place of rest in the lives of such people is taken by formidable restorative activities which themselves would exhaust an ordinary person. Massage is substituted for natural exercises of the muscles, so that the blood may sometimes be withdrawn from the fevered nerves; busy "cures," where, under the guise of recreation and social functions, clever doctors impose a disciplinary hygiene, take the place of the holidays of more simple and natural people. Old age, which is itself a kind of rest provided by nature, an easing down of the activities and, perhaps, a tuning of the soul for that long and profounder rest into which a natural life is rounded off, is, in the case of these people artificially staved off; they will not be old, they will not be inactive; they will not give up, in short, until they utterly collapse and are carried ignominiously off the scene. In this way many a frail woman lives a life that would exhaust and kill a navvy.

They are extreme cases, of course; but there are thousands of people, more normally constituted, who also are losing or have lost the power of resting, and whose lives are, in consequence, not quiet, nor pleasant, nor fertile in any of those fruits which a more placid generation so richly harvested; who wonder at the end of a day why they did all the things that they did, and who must wonder, I think, at the end of their lives if all the fret and burden has been worth while. For them, as for the others, the only salvation lies in the art of resting.

I call it an art because it is a thing which some people have naturally; they have a talent or gift of tranquillity, and can achieve and maintain that state in the most adverse circumstances. But there is also a science of resting; it can be learned and cultivated, and if they will but discipline themselves a little the most fidgety and nervous people can soon achieve at will that blessed and recuperative condition which we call rest. It is of no use to place the body in an attitude of inactivity and repose if the mind is active and dissipated, or one's thoughts are jumping about from one subject to another, or running round in circles of irritation and distress. In such a condition it is not possible to keep the body still for long, and the effort to do so proves more exhausting than activity. That is why over-tired people are always on the move; the mind will not allow the body to rest, but drags it about in a ceaseless search for the repose which always seems attainable in some other place than that in which one finds oneself. People in that condition never say, "I shall rest here"; they always say, "I shall go somewhere and rest." They cannot dissociate

rest from the idea of movement, and it was the almost universal experience of over-tired people that the psalmist expressed when he wrote the words, "O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest!" The modern person translates this into "O that I had a motor-car, or an aeroplane, or a yacht, or a reserved cabin on a liner, or a compartment in the *wagon-lits*, so that I could go away and be at rest!"

There is a great fallacy in all that, for if you know how to rest you can rest anywhere, and if you don't you will be disturbed and restless on a feather bed in a sound-proof chamber. The first thing to do is to withdraw the mind from all definite subjects of contemplation and make it a blank. This is an easy thing to say, but not an easy thing to do without practice. I do not mean that it is difficult not to think of something, for, in fact, few people make a habit of thinking at all for more than a few seconds at a time. Thinking requires effort and concentration. But imagining is what occupies the brains of most of us; we see mental pictures of various conditions, pleasing or distressing; we see ourselves acting various parts, and on the lighted screen of the mind pictures of life as we experience it, or as we hope or fear to experience it, are continually projected. Well, the first thing in rest is to learn to turn the lights off that screen and see nothing but a blank. Now if you try this lying in bed or sitting in an easy chair you will find it at first quite a difficult thing to do. The screen will be blank for a moment, but some sound or thought will suggest a picture and the cinematograph will begin again.

The first thing to do, then, is to concentrate on nothing at all—which is a very different thing from not concentrating on anything. Resting requires almost as much concentration as hard work, and that is why people who have the greatest power of concentration have also the greatest power of resting. The restless and over-tired people are the people who have not learned the habit of concentration or mind control. That is one of the greatest defects in our system of education. Children are taught to control their muscles, to balance their bodies, and are given exercises to aid them in acquiring this control; they are even taught to control their passions. But they are hardly ever taught to control their minds, although the mind is the one piece of machinery which controls the whole of the rest of the body.

To concentrate the mind on the idea of repose is partly a positive, but much more a negative process. The idea of rest must be put definitely in the foreground and regarded as the chief business of the moment; everything else must be allowed to recede into the background. You know how in a good photograph the principal object stands out clearly in sharp tones, and the background is a mere suggestion or misty outline, while in a bad photograph the most trivial and distant objects are given the same value as the principal subject. It must be something like that. The idea of rest must be clear and definite and important in one's mind, and the thoughts must be definitely withdrawn from everything else. One must, in other words, concentrate on the fact that, for the moment, these things are of no importance. They will try to keep coming back into the foreground, and they must be gently and resolutely pushed away. Say definitely to yourself, "For twenty minutes or an hour I am going to dismiss these things from my mind; nothing disastrous will happen in the meantime, and I will deal with them in their turn."

It is not until you try to cultivate the art of "letting go" that you realize how the mind is clinging to something or other all the time, and how the sedulous body imitates it by bracing itself and straining itself in all kinds of ways. But there is one very good way of learning how to let go. Lie down in

bed or on a couch and make up your mind to relax your whole body. Let every muscle go slack. Go over every part of it in turn with your mind. Make sure that the full weight of your head is resting on the pillow, that your limbs are lying limp as they would if you were floating on water, without any crook or tension in them. Follow out this mental inspection to the extremities of the limbs, see that every finger and every toe is absolutely loosened and set free to take the attitude of repose. It is of no use to do this with the body if the mind is not at rest; but you will find that this process of combing out, as it were, the nerves and muscles will have a remarkably tranquillizing effect on the mind, which will become occupied with the idea of repose; and by the time you have uncrooked the last little muscle it is not unlikely that you may be asleep.

That is one way of cultivating rest at a given moment. But the art of rest demands that one should make a habit of it. It means, in short, that every day there should be some time or other, if it be only half an hour before dinner or after lunch, in which nothing is allowed to encroach upon or disturb this little sacrament of rest. If it is diligently practised it can be achieved almost anywhere: in a train, on the top of an omnibus, in a room where many other people are talking and working. Many religions and philosophies are like drugs, and as you can make an over-tired person sleep by administering an opiate, so you can often give rest to the wearied or dissipated mind by endowing it with certain ideas and theories relating to life here and hereafter; but it will not be as sound and invigorating a rest as the natural repose which can be found within itself. It is not in tired and diseased minds that the highest religions have borne their noblest fruit, but in sane and healthy ones. Therefore I think that before flying to any nostrum for the disease of our time, it is well to get the mind into some kind of health, and by cultivating the art of resting you will then be much more likely to appreciate the virtues of the science or philosophy you wish to practise. In other words, we must learn to possess our own souls, and not scatter and distribute them in fragments to the winds of the world.

SATURDAY WALKS

VI. FROM CHAGFORD TO CRANMERE POOL

BY LOUIS GOLDING

I FIND it difficult to forgive the Mr. William Collier who, in the 'Transactions of the Plymouth Institution for 1897-8,' sombrely pronounces against Cranmere Pool. In the first place he calls it a "delusion and snare for tourists"; and I that have beat thitherward through mists and over quaking bogs, in despite of the white scythes of sunlight and the more concrete fangs of adders, will not be called a tourist, snared and deluded. Mr. Collier objected to Cranmere Pool, because "it was no pool at all, but just a small piece of bare black bog." Yet how much more exciting it is to be called a pool and to be no pool at all! What makes Hackney Downs the most ravishing of London areas but that perpetually unrealized vision of green spaces and hanging woods round each next public-house? No, Mr. Collier, we do not tread down the resilient heather and face the Dartmoor winds merely "to stare at a small bit of black bog, and leave cards in a receptacle provided for them." It is not the arriving but the going, as Stevenson said after you. Or else what would life itself be but a protracted preamble attaining at length its only important incident, its own conclusion?

But enough of Mr. Collier. It was from Chagford then, the village at the north-eastern edge of the moor, that I set forth to test the windy hazards. If perchance I attained the Not-Pool of Cranmere, so much the

better! At all events there was a staunch staff to hand, and ahead the high places.

I will not outrage the moor by attempting an assessment of mileage—so many miles from Chagford to Shapley Common and Fernworthy and to that last lone homestead of Teignhead; so many miles thence over Whitehorse Hill and Hangingstone Hill to Cranmere Pool; so many miles home again by way of the great slabs upon Watern Tor to the trout-haunted pools of Wallabrook, to the great stone wall of Batworthy and the lower roads again. Enough! let that stand for itinerary. As for miles, prosaic map-dominated miles, who shall compute these upon Dartmoor? For here there are hushed moments of space and sky which take upon themselves a semblance of Eternity; and slow corrosive eternities dwindle into a pin-point of Time.

I am still on the lower roads and for all that the young poet, remembering Devon from Gallipoli, sang:

O Devon lanes are deep in peace,
Entrenched in friendly green. . . .

the rainless June has abridged and muted their greenery. But soon I have entered the new country, by the gate of Shapley Common. What last vestiges of neolithic cities were annihilated to make the monstrous wall at my right hand; what stone rows were annulled, what cairns perturbed, what hut circles were straightened, what cromlechs dismantled and incorporated for ever in this grim anonymity? Now I moved forward over the heather pregnant with its purple fires and the cross-leaved heath already tipped with the flame. In the sunny days, I have seen the hares here, bounding over the billowy edge of the world, their ears cocked like banners. The Dartmoor ponies are now sleek as ever they will be; they have lost their patchy may-time tufts. The little bodies of the foals are settled down more rationally upon their absurdly lengthy limbs. And I am arrived at Fernworthy.

Various and irreconcilable is the wisdom concerning such hut circles as I saw here. As, for instance, they were cemeteries of the neolithic and bronze-age men; or, conversely, their dwelling places; or, that the great stone rows led up to them and on their highest stone sate the king in judgment; or, that their shaggiest wise-acres read the shadows of the stones and uttered thereon the wisdom of seasons and harvests. Precious little harvesting, forsooth, in these wild acres! But when I saw the body of a horse lying stretched across the mouth of the hut circle here, the place seemed the altar of some timeless creed. The eternal gods of the moor had demanded their propitiation. When I and my kind had gone our ways, a million years hence, in this same place the gods would demand this same propitiation again . . . the grinning skull and the legs lying awry.

By 'now mist is about me. Only at intervals Kes Tor, on my right and behind me, looms up through the folds of it. I have left the circle of stones called the Grey Wethers. And indeed it does not require this iron light which is upon the day to make it surprising that a stone bleats of a sudden, or that a sheep is frozen, as we approach, into some gaunt rock lit up in its crannies by the rust-red leaves of young whortleberry. As we climb higher into the desolation, the whortleberry ceases; the little yellow stars of tormentil glimmer no longer. Only heather gathers the mist, or the bog-cotton waves its frail fleeces over the waste, or stone-crop grazes upon rotting stone. Far off, sliding down the cloud edges, the curlew wheels and mourns. Now a peewit petulantly rises. I am plunging into such a dim chaos as worlds are born of.

Then suddenly, as the mist rises, I find myself at the last outpost of men upon Dartmoor. It is only during a few months of the year that the Teignhead farm is occupied. I should have thought only some wild poet would have kinged it over so stony a dominion, or that only some penitent evil-doer would have chosen it for his orisons. The jingling horse in the barn, the stout-

thighed Indian game stalking about the yard, have an air of almost sinister inappositeness. A stone's-throw from the farm lies an old pound, the opening between its huge boulders blocked by a rusty bedstead, peeling in flakes. It is about this framework of dead iron the horror concentrates. How had the bed been dis-honoured that thus it was flung into the wild weather? A murder, was it? The gaunt figure of the moors-man grows blacker against a reddening square of light. Stars dance about his flung hair. Night quenches them. There is no movement at all now in the bosom of the dark woman. But the bed she lies on must be hurled forth into the night, like an execration, a blasphemy. . . .

I am making my way towards Hangingstone Hill, in the course of the infant Dart. No flag is flying on the high post that tops it; none the less, gloomily and unrelentingly the Okehampton artillery men are firing this way; the moor is strewn with the carcasses of shells. Not a mile away great gushes of brown earth spread upwards where the shells fall. The sound of the impact follows dully. Away on the western horizon extend the great spines of Dartmoor. If you would alight on Cranmere from Hangingstone Hill you must keep before you the gnarled black rocks with which Great Links Tor is crested. The bogs are now about you and they are soaked through with perils enough in wetter seasons than these. As you tread on the surface of these peaty hollows, the world undulates below your feet. Wave follows wave to break only against the stouter earth where the heather is rooted. It is not, as you may earlier have thought, a region of the beginning of things. It is the region of their dissolution. The vegetation has but fallen away into clean cold water and stifled it, so that now there is neither earth nor water. The very granite has left only the deposit of its feldspar to cover the wide bogland stretches. The deliberate booming of the guns is become the just articulation of this territory, death calling out unto death. . . .

I do not know how it happened. Here was I suddenly declining into journey's end, into the veritable Not-Pool of Cranmere. Here, truly enough, was the sheep's skull hanging waggishly over a stave. Here was the cairn, the zinc box, where the wayfarer places his communications for his weakling friends, and himself removes for posting the communications left there by the last wayfarer. And at this moment the clouds disparted, and straight into that cleft of blue sky rose, singing, a lark. So I stretched peaty limbs across my island of heather as the interval of blue sky widened like a stream in spate. Not the lark, at least, would accept this land to be a theatre of corruption. And still his song persisted, until the brown morsel of body became a speck of blue sky.

A NOTE ON THE "INEFFECTUAL ANGEL"

By HUGH CHISHOLM

MATTHEW ARNOLD'S essay on Shelley, included in 'Essays in Criticism: Second Series' (1888), and originally published in the *Nineteenth Century* for January, 1888, concludes with the remark that, in life as in poetry, Shelley was "a beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." These words are here put between quotation marks by Arnold, as though he were using a description of Shelley already classical. They have been quoted again pretty widely during the past week in connexion with the centenary of Shelley's death. I am reminded that several years ago an American literary critic, who paid me the compliment of resorting to the editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* as likely to know everything, wrote to ask me the source of Arnold's quotation; and it may be interesting to anyone else who may have happened to be in the same difficulty to be told the answer.

On verifying my correspondent's reference to Arnold's essay on Shelley, and finding that the quotation marks were undoubtedly there, though I had always supposed that the phrase was Arnold's own, and one particularly characteristic of him, I was frankly puzzled, and I wrote to a number of expert Shelleyans to inquire if they could help me out. Some rather interesting replies were the result, but it was only from Mr. Stopford Brooke, after he too had at first been "stumped," that I eventually had the solution of the problem. Herbert Paul thought the phrase was taken from Coleridge, and Buxton Forman from Leigh Hunt, while Thomas Seccombe (usually a safe guide) felt certain it came from Hazlitt. W. M. Rossetti, Edmund Gosse, George Saintsbury, Clutton Brock, and Watts Dunton felt as sure as I was, that Arnold was quoting from himself, but could not recall the original. "Who else than Mat. Arnold himself," wrote Mr. Gosse, "could be brilliant enough and misguided enough to be guilty of it?" "Perhaps there is a reminiscence," wrote Mr. Clutton Brock, "of Lamb's remark about Coleridge, that he was an archangel a little damaged." "I think with you," wrote Mr. Watts Dunton, "that these foolish words are only a pretended quotation, but Arnold was one of the most *borne* of critics and I never thought it worth while to inquire into it. His blindness to Shelley's genius was more than equalled by his infatuation about Byron." "My present view," wrote Mr. Buxton Forman, "is that Arnold's property in this much-quoted sentence is confined to the words *and ineffectual* and that one of Shelley's devoted had used the rest—the expressions come from Mary Shelley and Leigh Hunt." Mr. W. M. Rossetti fancied that Arnold had used the quotation marks because he had based the phrase on a translation from the German.

As a matter of fact, Arnold was actually quoting, in the essay on Shelley, from his own earlier essay on Byron. This was first published in *Macmillan's Magazine* for March, 1881, and was reprinted in the same year as preface to an edition of Byron's poetry, being subsequently included in 'Essays in Criticism: Second Series' (1888), where the sentence occurs on pp. 203, 204, without quotation marks. When Arnold wrote his essay on Shelley for the *Nineteenth Century* of January, 1888, he repeated his own phrase within quotation marks, and so again it appears on p. 252 of 'Essays on Criticism: Second Series.' Arnold was evidently rather vain about it. But it is unusual for eminent writers to quote from themselves in this way without explanation, and I am inclined to agree with Mr. Clutton Brock, who wrote to me when the matter was cleared up, that the description of Shelley as an "ineffectual angel" was certainly not so well known in 1888, that Arnold could be entitled to quote it as though everyone would recognize that he was quoting from himself.

A RISK AND A CERTAINTY

By JAMES AGATE

THE school of criticism to which your daily journalist perforce belongs is one of urgency and hot blood, appreciation by flashes of lightning. The bustle of the stage affects these writers in the same way that the rattle of sticks in a dealer's yard affects your horse of mettle. Up go head and tail, away goes the pen whinneying and neighing, threatening to get out of hand if the driver have not a care. One of our finest critics has claimed for the heat of the play-house that it operates in the brain like sherris-sack in the system of Falstaff. Other temperaments there are upon which strong drink and insufficient ventilation act, not as stimulants, but as soporifics. For my part I must sleep off a play before I can form an opinion of its quality. Whenever, in that desperate *corps à corps* for

hat and coat, my colleagues throw me a breathless "What do you think of the show?" I reply, gasping, that, as yet, I do not know what I think of it. Inwardly I pray that, should I emerge from the cloak-room's bottle-neck alive, illumination may descend upon me on the morrow. Not for your Hotspur of criticism this luxury of suspended judgment! On his knee as the play progresses, or, between the acts, in some furtive corner of the foyer, you will find him summing up, fairly and squarely, but obviously only so far as the stage reached by the incompletely evidence. (They go to press at ten in distant Aberdeen.) Now there was once a certain crotchety playwright who made one of his characters, dead before the play started, walk into a mill-race. Plain suicide, though perhaps of a not very intelligible order. Doubtless by ten o'clock our synchronist had achieved a readable lucidity in the darkness, actual and metaphorical. He knew what he had thought. And then, at half-past ten of the clock, our unaccountable playwright dropped his third-act curtain on the declaration that if ever woman was taken by the shoulders and resolutely immersed, head held under till she drowned, Beata was that woman. Too late! In Aberdeen, next morning, the play must treat of *felo-de-se*. Here those leisurely gentlemen who write for the London daily press may thank their stars for a kinder fortune. They have a whole ten minutes for readjustments. But even they must be glad that, on our stage, the crop of plays like 'Rosmersholm' is a thin one. That their miracles of criticism, combining quick-firing with precision, should be accomplished at all is to me an enduring wonder. What a dullard am I, absolutely and by comparison, composing my careful raptures, showing off the slow and sober paces of my horse!

Yet there are plays about which even I can come to a decision, say between theatre and tube. "Hurry up there, please!" has not always reference to my state of mind. Two such plays did I see last week, and the fact that both were concerned with nursing-homes encourages me to couple them together. Shall I confess that I made appreciable progress towards a final estimate of 'The Risk' before that first act was properly unwound? It happens that the dress circle at the Strand Theatre is shaped like certain brackets one used to connect with algebra. At about the fourth seat from the boxes there is a recess in the curve, and in that luckless coign was I ensconced. Nothing could I see of the stage, which was entirely cut off by the shoulder of my neighbour leaning forward. Craning my neck I could glimpse the right half of a room. But that half held not Mr. Bourchier. During the greater part of his scene at the consulting table he was, to me, completely invisible. An eclipse of the sun, even though partial, may be interesting; a total eclipse of Mr. Bourchier is less so. All I could do was to listen. Now I suppose there is not a tone in that voice with which I am not familiar. Admonitory or persuasive, fulminatory or merely rallying, it announces its possessor as being ranged, if a trifle gruffly, yet very definitely on the side of the angels. Cavernous and proceeding out of the unseen, this trumpeting, now suave, now sinister, affected me like that of the Giant Blunderbore in the pantomime. That is to say, I was not really afraid. This was to be a symphony, not in outlandish Fa or Ut, but in thorough-going, British Fee-fo-fum. There would be a fuss and a hurly-burly, but the child which is in me as in every playgoer would not be alarmed. Towards the end of the act I discovered that Mr. Bourchier's features were discernible after all, dimly reflected in a mirror on the opposite side of the stage. Here again I was the victim of the familiar. This actor, strive how he may, cannot now encompass the *macabre*. His eyes shoot sparks, he compresses his countenance into wrinkles that he would fain have us take for the sardonic. The result is Panurge, not Mephistopheles. Or say that he resembles a canvas by that undiscovered humorist, Goguenard. The truth of the

matter is that he has sat too often at the feet of Mr. Ian Hay, and caught from that popular magician too much of his easy-going spell.

For the later acts they, with great courtesy, found me a stall, but then the mischief was done. Or rather it was not to do. I could not believe that any serpent lurked in the folds of that benevolent chin, or was to come hissing out of that jovial mouth. And as for the pretence that the actor was a surgeon who carved up healthy patients to stave off bankruptcy—go to! Nor was there conviction in the story of a parcel of giggling *merveilleuses*—as little marvellous as the ballroom supers in an American film—that they had immensely enjoyed watching an operation. One knew quite well that they had fainted or been sick. Neither was I impressed by a Cabinet Minister with one line to speak, and the impoverished air which inevitably attends the impersonation of minuscule parts. Nor by an elderly bore—I allude to the character and not the actor—who, in an ill-fitting white wig, gave utterance to the hoariest of platitudes. As far as I was concerned the play fell flat: I did not believe a word of it. How French actors would manage it, I do not know. Slip-pingly perhaps; not ponderously, we may be sure. Within the limits of this personal disbelief, Mr. Bourchier seemed to me to act really well. His bed-side manner, twin shadow to Alexander's desperate assumptions of the gallant, was superb, his death scene an admirable affair of those convulsions and sawings of the nether lip which we may suppose attend an unknown poison. But their whole sum was not so eloquent of dissolution as that cry with which Mr. Wu clasps the pillar and falls to his knees. That is a sigh fetched from another world. A little crippled dog which I once despatched with prussic acid gave forth this exact utterance.

If it be a risk for Mr. Bourchier to make gruesome adventure, it is a certainty that Mr. Tommy Mostol must never do anything else. I have never seen anything quite so realistic as 'The Rest Cure,' a playlet at the Holborn Empire. In five minutes I knew that here was a masterpiece. A sick man in pyjamas, carrying his boots and balancing a silk hat on the top of a red and touzled wig, suggests the comic as Mr. Karno's comedians understand it. And, indeed, the invalid's antics are of that order. But they are built up on ideas, wee intellectual mice running about the foot of a mountain of grosser folly. There is the nurse who never comes into the room without insisting upon making up the bed. There is the solicitous friend whose newspaper opens at the story 'Sad Death in a Nursing Home. Damp Sheets the Cause.' We know, in dreams of farce wilder than the stage may give, that mourner who, taking the sleeper for dead, cannot decide how to dispose his flowers to advantage about the body, and that undertaker's man who, having taken his melancholy measure, finds his tape to be *wider* than the door. That these things should be so little funny on paper is good evidence of their theatrical effectiveness when you couple them with the fact that they sent the house into delirium. Each of the actors possessed an enormous sense of character. They were not just buffoons, but *buffo* incarnations of the sinister. In their funereal garb they stood out like puppets in a marionette-show; and their actions took on all the super-consequence of puppets. Or you could compare them to those unfortunate attorneys, singing-masters, pantaloons who, in Rossinian opera, are eternally fated to be thrust out of doors. There was thoughtful laughter here as well as pictorial burlesque. "Where did those flowers come from?" asked the aggrieved patient. "A bookmaker brought them!" replied the man of shrouds, preoccupied with his tape and that all too narrow door.

For the convenience of those who desire to collect the caricatures of "Quiz," we have arranged to have a limited number printed on plate paper, which can be obtained, packed in a tube, from the Publishers: Price 2s. 6d. each post free.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC

By E. A. BAUGHAN

WITH a natural pride in its achievements the Royal Academy of Music is celebrating the centenary of its existence. In that pride the country as a whole can claim but a vicarious part, for the R.A.M. has practically owed its existence to the profession of music, and not to the public, nor to the State as representing the public. And, more particularly, it owes its existence to its own professors. Every teaching institution does, of course, but the R.A.M. could not have continued to exist if it had not been for the loyalty and self-sacrificing spirit of Sterndale Bennett and his staff of professors, who, in a moment of crisis, decided to receive very small fees, and, in some cases, none in order that the Academy might be carried on. Sterndale Bennett, then its principal, resigned his salary, and for several years received only some £20 in fees. That was in 1868, after Disraeli had withdrawn the grant of £500 (made a few years before by Gladstone). No doubt the Government's opinion that it was not "so expedient to subsidize a central and quasi-independent association as to establish a system of musical instruction under the direct control of some Department of Government," was sound enough in theory. But that system of musical instruction never did get itself established under the control of a Government, and, on the whole, it is well it did not. For both the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music have done splendid work without being fettered by a Government Department. The decision of Sterndale Bennett and his professors that the management of the Academy should be even more professional than the Board of 1853 had far-reaching effects. In a few years the institution began to prosper, and it has never looked back. Before then it was always in difficulties, and was only saved by appeals to the public.

The special work of the Royal Academy of Music has been to turn out good all-round musicians, and to give them high ideals of their art and their profession. No teaching institution can do more. No doubt genius is apt to find a big school of music rather unsympathetic, but genius is never at ease in any atmosphere not created by itself. That does not apply to musical genius only. One cannot imagine a Richard Wagner in the Marylebone Road Institution, but of recent years he would certainly have found sympathy there, and he would not have been able to complain of his want of pianoforte technique. In general it is true, however, that all teaching institutions are for average talent, and not for genius. The arguments in favour of this statement are heavily weighted from the fact that big conservatoires of music are of comparative modern growth. Leaving out of count the old masters, the composers who flourished in the middle of last century had not been taught at institutions: Schumann, Mendelssohn, Wagner, and Brahms. On the other hand, such an individual genius as Grieg's was not marred by his four years at Leipzig, although it took him some time to shake off the Mendelssohn tradition. In our own day Stanford and Delius were only partly educated at a conservatoire, and Parry and Elgar not at all. Sir Alexander Mackenzie himself entered the Royal Academy of Music after having studied in Germany from his tenth year and being conversant as an orchestral player with the music of Wagner and Liszt. Sterndale Bennett and Sullivan have been our most shining examples of conservatoire-taught composers. It would be difficult to come to any definite conclusion as to the influence of a teaching institution on genius. So much depends on the professors and their catholicity of taste and powers of sympathy with youth.

Here the Royal Academy of Music may claim to

have done much for British musicians. One of the first principals of the institution was Cipriani Potter, who is mainly remembered as having earned Beethoven's patronizing praise as a good man with a talent for composition. As a matter of fact, Cipriani Potter, as I have often been told by one of his pupils, was a very advanced musician in his day. He was one of the first admirers of Schumann and worked hard to popularize his music at the Academy. Also, he was one of the first of British musicians to recognize the genius of Brahms, although Cipriani Potter was then an oldish man. Sterndale Bennett's influence also did much for the Academy, and if Macfarren's pronounced conservatism may have been a trifle irksome to the hot-bloods under his tuition, he set up a high standard of art. Sir Alexander MacKenzie's reign has produced a number of talented composers. In this result Frederick Corder, in his time the most modern of theorists and teachers of composition, has had a large share. Every modern British composer who has studied at the Royal Academy of Music is ready to declare his debt to Corder. His not very orthodox musical education was a good preparation for his work at the Academy. He began late, as musical education goes, but after only eighteen months at the Academy he won the Mendelssohn scholarship and spent four years at Cologne under Ferdinand Hiller. Then he put in some hard work as conductor at the Brighton Aquarium and occupied himself with composition, principally opera. The death of Carl Rosa seems to have decided him in thinking that there was no opening for native opera, and he accepted a professorship at the Academy. No doubt he still considers fate dealt him a heavy blow, but that is not the opinion of the men he has taught. Of course, they all have gone beyond him in modernism, but every teacher must expect and perhaps even hope for that. There is certainly no sign that the Royal Academy teaching is in any way inimical to individuality—the usual charge brought against academies of all sorts. When it is remembered that Edward German, Granville Bantock, von Ahn Carse, York Bowen, Arnold Bax, Arthur Bliss, and others of diverse gifts were educated at the R.A.M. it is evident that academic training is not the steam-roller for talent some would have us believe. True, all these men would have made their mark in music in any case. No one believes that teaching institutions can manufacture talent, but the general charge against them is that they stunt and retard its development. This has always been urged against them in respect of the creative side of the art. It is probably no more true of composition than of instrumental playing or singing. The true education of any institution or university lies not so much in the specific knowledge gained there as in its influence on the mind and character. The Royal Academy of Music has a life of its own, and no one has passed through it but looks back on it with interest and affection. That and its scheme of education, which sends all-round musicians into the profession, are its chief contributions to the art of music.

A PARADOX OF FRENCH PEOPLE

(FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT)

I HAVE a vast paper memory, as everybody must have who has no other, and every now and then I go over that dusty collection of *dossiers*. One fat one is labelled 'French Faults,' the next says 'French Qualities.' Opening 'French Faults' my hand chanced on a slip entitled: "We do not know what self-help means, and have to use the English word"; turning a minute later to 'French Qualities' I pretty soon discovered a little pink square, cut out of some programme, on which, in a forgotten hour, I wrote: "Débrouillage

the perfection of self-help; has no English equivalent and E—(a friend) never tries to translate it."

There they are, side by side, self-help and *débrouil-lage*, and here is a little problem in national psychology.

It is a fact that we French people do not seem to know what self-help means, and I need only look around in my immediate vicinity to see glaring evidences of the shortcoming. I frequently visit a famous French school in which the Professor's common-room is ridiculously at variance with the importance and standing of the school; at certain hours the tailor takes possession and not a single master dares look in while this official is there with his ribbon. In England or in America self-help would long ago have produced the violent ejection of the tailor or a petition from the faculty to the trustees, or some suggestion for clubbing together elsewhere, or an application to some rich alumnus once measured for his clothes in the improbable room and remembering it. In Paris nothing happens.

Nothing happens either in a little town I know well which has long been praying for an electrical installation. In vain did the citizens of this little place see the neighbouring village—little more than a hamlet—harness such a tiny rivulet that I could not imagine it harnessed at all, and actually produce a brilliant illumination; they persevered in their prayerful attitude and in the hope that something would happen. Something did happen. A powerful company twenty miles off sent a cable through the little town and began to sell power to the factories there, offering at the same time to sell light to the inhabitants. But lo! the mayor who had some agreement with the gas company forbade all communion with the electricians, and raised the price of gas. A modicum of self-help would have given rise to a variety of solutions: nothing happened, and the mayor has not even been murdered.

How many times have I not cursed the absence of self-help on seeing twelve or fifteen people watching a poor horse do its best up the slippery slope of the boulevard Raspail, wondering whether the driver would manage his difficulty, or the Société Protectrice would send an extra horse, or the police would compel the driver to go down the slope again? The moment self-help appears in the shape of some shoulder at the wheel everybody has the revelation of what ought to be done, and the cart is soon over the wretched bit. We complain about the telephone, the matches, the red tape, the crowded post offices, the Metro cars from which most seats suddenly vanished, the Government cigarettes in which matches suddenly appeared; about the schedule of trains and the supercilious manner of the train conductors who think themselves officials and not the servants of companies soliciting the public patronage; about the noise and about the vibrations; about twenty other things which self-help in the shape of a league or of pressure on députés would soon mend, but we are satisfied with complaining. I see but few signs of self-help, too, in the Church, who used to expect the Government to take every initiative until the Disestablishment took place, and now patiently awaits till the Pope gives the word. The French are splendid at waiting.

What is the reason for this inertia? Is it the state of mind expressed in the American phrase "let George do it"? Is it a mystic certainty that something is sure to happen as has been seen many times in the past? Is it a fear of embarking on expeditions in the interest of the commonweal which may some day keep you from your own affairs? Perhaps; one may even say that it is in part certainly so. But the reasons for which the French are so easily content with complaining are chiefly because in the first place they do not care half so much for comforts as the self-helping nations do, and in consequence do not cast about for the means of securing them, and in the second place because they grumble cheerfully. I have heard more witticisms, more irresistible cynicism on the line waiting for the atrociously run Saint-Germain cars than I

have heard in many a salon. And I have heard more brilliant theories, more original plans for public reforms in the salon of a semi-socialist friend of mine, now dead, than are produced in political academies. The French live on intellectual visions relieved by cynical comparisons between them and the reality. Some foreigners realize it. I heard one not long ago, a man in a high international position, saying that France would manage even if, losing most of what Germany owes her, she was reduced to her soil and her light wines, producers of gaiety, whereas his own countrymen needed substantial realities. I felt bitter at first, but with a glass of light wine to help me, I reflected that it was lucky after all that this gentleman was right.

But what about *débrouillage*, or the Système D, which is supposed to be the perfection of self-help? Well, it is not the perfection of self-help, nor is it in many cases anything like self-help. Self-help starts from a self-righteous belief accompanied by a virtuously indignant certainty that the whole fabric of the heavens and earth has been injured in the self-helper not receiving his full share of all he needs or wants. It almost invariably results in an angry appeal to co-operation which is generally successful and has been known to develop into colossal leagues of stupendous power. *Débrouillage* is much humbler. When the corporal says to the private, stating that he cannot sweep without a broom, that he has to *débrouiller* himself, both the corporal and the private know perfectly well that this means stealing a broom from the next barrack-room. The root of *débrouillage* is the clearly felt conviction that the situation is one which even patience in the highest degree will not make bearable. It connotes a complexity of annoyances which not a few Englishmen who had to do with the French army will remember is expressed by a word not in dictionaries; when the situation is such the person in the predicament is no longer said to *débrouiller* himself: another verb not in dictionaries is used. But the whole thing is done with alacrity and not infrequently with something of the artist's delight in doing something dexterously. The only thing which the French nation will not do through the Système D is cooking. It is in vain that to Maitre Jacques declaring his willingness to cook a fine dinner for Harpagon, if the latter gives him *bien de l'argent*, Harpagon recommends *débrouillage*: the cook's motto is *y faut c'qu'y faut*, and no joke is taken on the subject. What is needed is *un bon fond de cuisine*, i.e., meat gravies, rich spices and the rarest butter resulting in the dishes which the SATURDAY REVIEW describes week after week till our mouths water, and no substitutes or *débrouillage* will avail. Such are the limits of the Système D. They are disheartening, but we can console ourselves with the thought that self-help itself has not succeeded as yet in producing good food, any more than in producing good music or the Vatican stanze.

THE TURF

Newmarket, July 10.

THE old-fashioned Bibury meeting was spoiled by the heavy wind and rain. In spite of this, members turned up in force, but were poorly rewarded from a racing point of view. The stewards of the meeting seem to be content with the glories of the club's past history, and make no changes in what generally turns out to be a dull and monotonous programme. There is little to note as regards the racing, but mention should be made of the very moderate performance of the first favourite, *Laugh*, which suggested a sudden ailment, quite unexpected by his trainer, whilst the general public would certainly be left wondering at the very indifferent performances of *Galaciella* and *Flavius*, both of whom had recently run against *Silver Image*. The form, as it appeared, strongly suggested a victory for

Flavius, who was everybody's choice, but he never showed in the race with a winning chance, and *Galaciella* outstayed all the others. Mares at this time of year are apt to be inconsistent, whilst the form of *Flavius* at Ascot may have unduly flattered him, and a slight stoppage in his work, due to minor accident, could not have been in his favour.

The *Hurstbourne Stakes* went to the powerful *Sir Eager* colt, *Drake*, who won the *Coventry Stakes* at Ascot, the winner of which has often developed into a classic performer. I was left in two minds as to the merit of his performance, so perhaps it will be wiser to see him run again before attempting to compare him with such as *Pharos*, *Town Guard*, or *Cos*. The cruelly-named *Atiravof*, who was close up third, lost several lengths by swerving and hanging badly during the latter portion of the race.

The final day, with a strong wind blowing down the course, saw some much closer finishes, and the more stably-bred horses had an advantage. For this reason the *Champagne Stakes* went to *Mots d'Or* colt, a son of that good stayer, *Beppo*. He is a nice, level-built youngster and half-brother to *Chat Tor*, but I do not think he was quite the size and class to make turf history. All the five amateur races, whether handicaps or plates, were won with ridiculous ease, and it seems clear that the 7 lb. extra for the services of a jockey, when allowed by the conditions to ride against amateurs, might well be increased to 14 lb. if one wishes to make things equal for the ordinary gentleman rider. The latter has not the time nor the opportunity to practise like his predecessor, and this should be taken into account.

* * *

To-day, the Newmarket Second July Meeting begins, and an additional attraction is offered by the bloodstock sales. Formerly many foreign buyers used to attend, but this year the only outside competition one can hope for will come from India and America. The late Lord Manton's mares and foals offer the greatest attraction. They are of the very best blood, and are certain to excite keen competition when they come into the sale ring.

The racing this week also suggests great interest—that is, if the best of our two-year-olds turn out to oppose each other either at Newmarket or on Saturday at Sandown Park in the valuable National Breeders' Produce Stakes, where *Cos* and *Town Guard* can be opposed by the unknown *Saltash*, reputed to be the best of the Manton youngsters. At the same meeting the *Eclipse Stakes* will be run, and the performance of *Tamar* (second in the *Derby*) and *St. Louis* (winner of the Two Thousand Guineas) against some older rivals in the shape of *Golden Myth* (winner of the *Ascot Gold Cup*) and the unlucky *Monarch*, will help one to determine if this year's three-year-olds are as moderate as some people maintain.

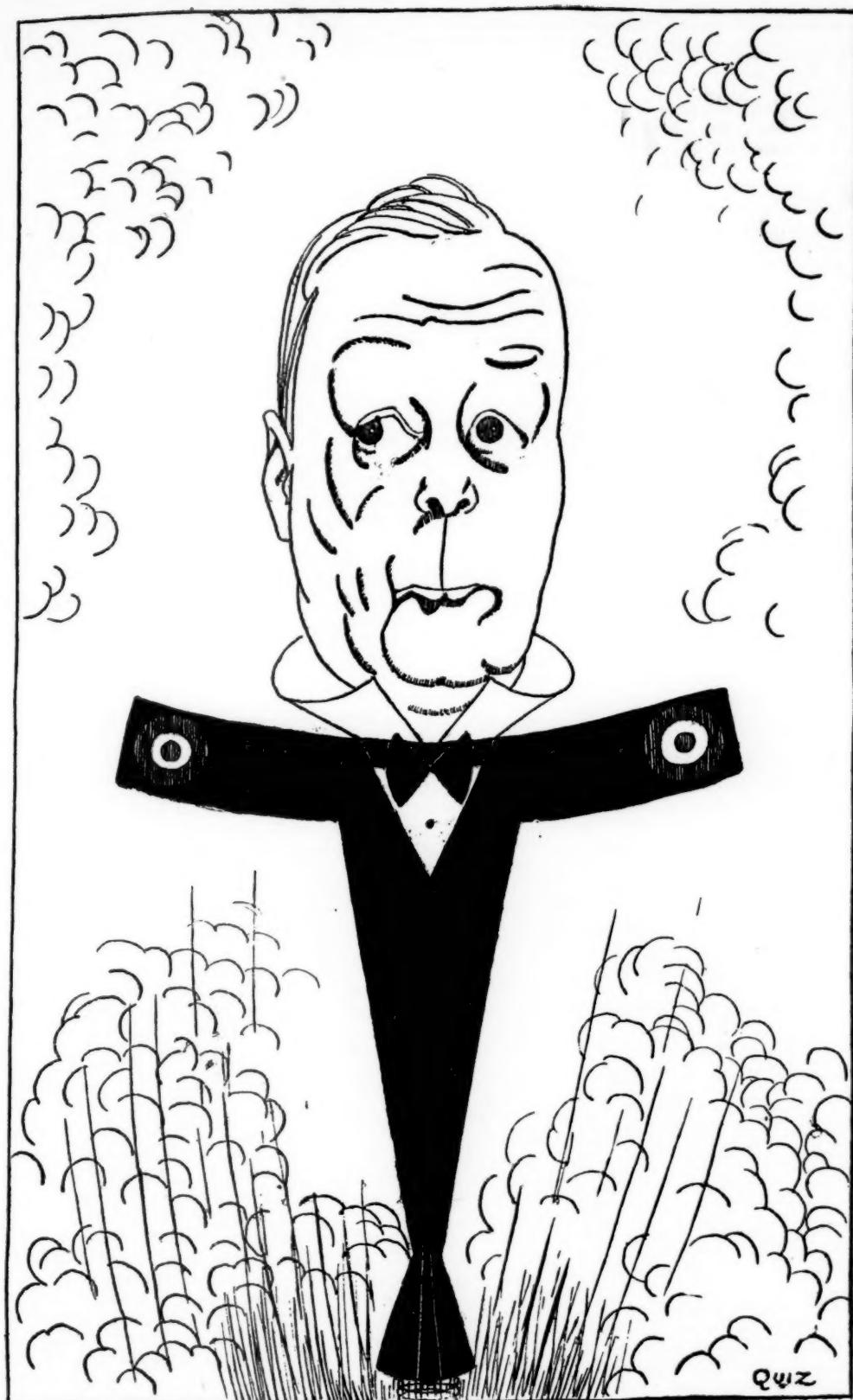
* * *

The death of Sir William Nelson has robbed the Turf of a keen patron. At Clonbarron, County Meath, he maintained a stud of some twenty mares, but he never bred very much with the exception of *Tanners* (*Cylgad*—*Orange Girl*), the winner of the *Ascot Gold Cup*, and *Vencedor* (*Orby*—*Fer*), who is one of the fastest and unluckiest of horses on the Turf. He was built on too small a scale to carry the welter weights allotted him after putting up a great race as a three-year-old against the flying *Tetratema*.

L. G.

¶ We regret that Mr. D. S. MacColl is still indisposed, but he hopes to resume his articles shortly.

¶ The Index to Vol. 133 is now ready for distribution to subscribers. Copies may be obtained from the Publisher, price 6d.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. NO. 3

SIR WILLIAM JOYNSON HICKS, Bt., M.P.
(Chairman of the Parliamentary Air Committee)

Letters to the Editor

The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.

Letters which are of reasonable brevity and are signed with the writer's name are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

PSYCHIC SCIENCE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—My attention has been called to your editorial footnote to Sir Oliver Lodge's letter, published in your issue of July 1. Since this footnote may cause those who have not read our report to believe that our results were inconsistent with the "alleged discoveries concerning ectoplasm," I should be obliged if you would allow me to point out that we put forward no such conclusion, and that a considerable part of the report was devoted to showing the extreme difficulties of explaining our results on a theory of regurgitation, while any other normal explanation was wholly impossible.

I am, etc.,

V. J. WOOLLEY (Hon. Sec.)
The Society for Psychical Research

[We said nothing about any "conclusion" arrived at by the Society for Psychical Research. We referred to its report of facts, from which we drew our own conclusions, set forth in our issue of February 11 last. The chief conclusion likely to be arrived at from a study of this document by an impartial judge is that the phenomena observed in the case of "Eva C." were physical, not psychical; that she was, in fact, a ruminant.—ED. S.R.]

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—As you are no doubt aware, a series of experiments recently took place at the Sorbonne, Paris, in order to test the reality of certain ectoplasmic manifestations which were said to have made their appearance on various parts of the body of a celebrated medium known by the name of Eva. As a result, the Professors who took part in these experiments were forced to the conclusion that an attempt had been made to perpetrate upon them a somewhat clumsy hoax.

I am, etc.,

J. LEWIS MAY

Scala House, Tottenham Street, W.1

DIET AND LONGEVITY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Miss Forbes is nothing if not amusingly unpractical. Some alcoholic beverages, she says, would be absolutely "life-giving" if meat were deleted from the consumer's diet, and doubtless she will frighten many of your readers into joining the Vegetarian Society. She is disposed to condemn all beverages made from grain, such as beer and whisky, and to extol wine, which "we should do well to make a daily beverage." It is the daily beverage with the more fortunate of us, but what's the good of giving such advice to the less fortunate who often can't afford even a modicum of overtaxed beer? Miss Forbes laments that never again shall we have in England that sturdy race that built the foundations of the Empire whose drink was chiefly wine and mead. If she's referring to our forbears of the Stone Age, perhaps it's as well, for, after all, progress is not always to be deprecated. But even that sturdy race comes under her lash, for alas! they "were great meat eaters, and that is why they grew old." It is enough to make us moderns shudder at what might have been the position to-day if those "great meat eaters" had unfortunately turned vegetarians. In past generations men were only begin-

ning to live at eighty—they lived hundreds of years because, according to Miss Forbes, "they drank wine but ate no meat." She has something to say about "the myth of the garden of Eden." The real story is that man fell from his high estate when he hungered after flesh (possibly, it occurs to me, because he had little else to eat) which is the "original sin."

Miss Forbes, though she is inclined to jeer at the pussyfoots, attributes to Von Moltke an epigram which Mr. Lloyd George plagiarized and paraphrased not many years ago—namely, that beer was a far more dangerous enemy to Germany than all the armies of France. Yet it was not Germany that was beaten in those days. It is not so much the alcohol in beer, as the rest of the "make up" of that beverage which is "a deadly poison," and it is admitted, rather grudgingly, that there is such a thing as pure beer. But, says Miss Forbes, so injurious are beers that they were made the subject of an enquiry by a Commission in 1905, when it was proved that arsenic, copper, and quillaia extract were all present in the drink. She is taking a very unfair advantage of an accident which occurred in the North of England but which, unfortunate as it was at the time, undoubtedly made for safety because ever since the most meticulous care has always been taken to avoid anything like a repetition of the accident, and no drink is purer than the national beverage. After all, the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and in spite of the claims of the man with whom mead was the favourite beverage, I venture to say the beer drinker of to-day is far and away his superior. But Miss Forbes clearly is not to be taken seriously. She set out and has succeeded in writing a series of attractive articles which have been read with great amusement by

Yours, etc.,

P. C. MORGAN

5 Upper Belgrave Street, S.W.1

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Does not G. B. Pease rather miss the point of Miss Forbes's arguments in his letter of July 8?

The object of all progressive thought is to shape the circumstances which shall control the *future*, and not infrequently this means coming into more or less violent collision with the circumstances which embarrass the present and have tyrannized over the past.

It is true that good cooks are rapidly becoming extinct, but then if we are to do our own cooking it will be infinitely preferable to prepare a non-meat diet and probably the results will be more palatable than if we have to grapple with bleeding carcases and reeking joints! Again, it is true that good wine is expensive, but no doubt if it were once recognized that it was necessary for the preservation of life and health there would be increased production and lower cost.

At the conclusion of his letter G. B. Pease admits that "the system is doubtless excellent and capable of producing great results," and once this contention is granted is it not our duty to join up in the campaign against time-expired conventionalities? It has become almost a platitude to say that the conditions of modern civilization are changing so fast that they are visibly crumbling to pieces around us.

Whatever the new state is going to be one thing is certain; it will be what we determine to make it.

In a little volume called 'A Lost Ideal of Christianity,' I have endeavoured to point out that the teaching of Christ in its entirety provides for such a reconstruction of our social ideals as we now seem to be awaiting. In His infinite wisdom this most Eminent Physician of the human race founded the Christian Church on the belief that *bread* and *wine* were the food and drink which were to convey the gift of immortality to the peoples of this world, and science is now arriving at the same conclusion. When this point is reached, and when men begin to believe the

truth which has so long been revealed to them, the barrier between science and religion will have been broken down, and we shall find that the highest form of life, that which is subject neither to disease nor *death*, is to be found in these creative and preservative forms of nourishment.

I am, etc.,
MAUD S. LEVETT

Milford Hall, Stafford

'FRENCH GRAMMAR MADE CLEAR'

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I am almost tempted to apologize for all the publicity 'French Grammar Made Clear' gets in the SATURDAY REVIEW, before it is even published in England. Mr. de V. Payen-Payne says I could not "show one lycée or collège in France where books published in England are used habitually." I have no time for an investigation carried further than my own collège, but it is enough to enable me to give Mr. de V. Payen-Payne the information for which he challenges me.

Three classes of thirty to forty boys at the Collège Stanislas have read during the whole scholastic year 'Esmond,' 'Vanity Fair,' and Miss Montgomery's 'Misunderstood' in English editions, and a glance at the shelves of the college bookshop has just satisfied me that younger classes read Lady Barker's 'Station Life in New Zealand' and 'Alice in Wonderland' in volumes also published in England.

It is a fact that hundreds of English school-books are written by French teachers. French professors all have a tendency to become writers: it is a national trait which irritates me when I am at home but delights me when I travel.

I am inclined to think that every time an English teacher has his choice between two school-books of equal merit he selects the one written and published in England. He is quite right.

Mr. de V. Payen-Payne quotes "a book on English by a professor who has since become famous," and says he discovered "elementary errors" in it. It is no doubt so, since Mr. de V. Payen-Payne himself was asked to correct these errors. But there are—owing largely to the great Angellier's influence—scores of French *agréés* who will never become famous but who write English with absolute correctness, sometimes with elegance.

I am, etc.,
ERNEST DIMNET

VANDALISM AT HAMPTON COURT

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The facts as to the recent repairs to the brick-work at Hampton Court are precisely as I stated them to be in my letter in your columns on July 1, in spite of Mr. Blaker's reiterated assertion of his charge, and of his attempted evasion of the issue raised by himself, namely, that of vandalism against those who have care of the building to-day. "The first court after entering the Great Gate," to which he said, in his original letter, that his complaint referred, is the "Base Court"; and no repair whatever has taken place in it for many years, beyond the recent one fully described and vindicated by me. He now appears to want to shift his censure to the treatment of the brickwork in the "outer Green Court," or "Barrack Yard," as it is commonly named, by calling it the "First Court," and calling the well-known "Trophy Gate" the "Great Gate," which it is not.

But this shifting of the locality of his complaint will not help him. The only old wall, in the corner of the Barrack Yard indicated by him, is not a Tudor one at all, but an early Georgian one, and consequently there is not, and never has been, any diaper pattern in it whatever. This wall has not been interfered with for half a century.

Connecting it with the barracks there is, it is true, a frankly new wall and gate-piers, built of modern machine-made bricks some 25 years ago. This, it would seem, is now the gravamen of Mr. Blaker's complaint, and he suggests that it should be now refaced, by wasting on it the small horde of a few dozen precious old Tudor bricks, to give it—or rather a small portion of it—a falsely Tudor front, amidst early Georgian surroundings! And all the while, the wall and piers were built, and are under the charge, not of the Office of Works, but of the War Office! Under the same department are, of course, "the old roof tiles" of the barracks, the pointing of which in untoned mortar or Portland cement, your correspondent rightly objects to; though, I fear, the War Office have more important things to spend our money on than colouring inartistic pointing. Besides, as I happen to know, it has been more than once mooted that these barracks ought to be pulled down as quite out of date, and not worth the expenditure of any further public money.

Mr. Blaker also refers to "large areas of comparatively new work in the Clock Court." This "new" work is indeed deplorable; but for that he must blame, not those at present responsible, but late Georgian and early Victorian vandals, for some small ghastly patches; for much of it, Wren, that iconoclast of our old English buildings, at the bidding of his Dutch master, and, for still more of it, Kent, the architect of George II.

What I have written on this subject has been without solicitation or suggestion, scarcely even with the knowledge of those whose action has been impugned. But I cannot remain silent while unjustifiable attacks, which I know to be unwarranted, are made on capable and enthusiastic public servants.

I am, etc.,
ERNEST LAW

The Pavilion, Hampton Court Palace

[This correspondence is closed.—ED. S.R.]

A Woman's Causerie

RESPECTABILITY

HERE are people convinced that drab, narrow lives belong exclusively to England. In over-the-Channel lands, they imagine, all is bright with sunshine, so no need to be drab; or brilliant with artificial light, cheered by music and dancing, so no one can be narrow. Dull respectability, they are assured, is an English prerogative, and drab and narrow are adjectives most often used in connection with it.

But this is a mistake. Behind the half-closed shutters in the semi-darkness of many gay-looking foreign houses, lurks a narrow dullness all the more poignant because of the sunshine that should help to disperse it. How often, in passing by the slightly raised shutters, you can see curious eyes looking out, letting nothing escape their notice. It is only if you glance up quickly just as you are under the window, that you can be certain they are there, otherwise you would not think it possible that all down the street secret eyes were taking notes of everything that happens outside. Those eyes do not belong to people who, in the cool of the evening, take a chair and sit by the door; but their owners, prettily dressed before they are seen, go for a walk to meet other secret watchers to whom they reveal the horrifying news of the day.

* * *

It is they who stand for conjecture, gossip and disapproval, in fact—drab respectability. Drab, let it be understood, only spiritually, for respectability abroad is not always sartorially dull. Indeed, it is difficult to believe that the delightful, many coloured little organdie figures, that like huge blossoms decorate the grey pave-

ments, have ever sat down in untidy house dresses to think of anything as dull as other people's business. Yet no English village green has half the gossiping power of a Latin square, and certainly nothing of the Teutonic malevolence, when disapproving of a neighbour. Amongst the Scandinavians there is, perhaps, less oppressive criticism of the unusual, it is even encouraged, but such liberty is apt to become as dreary as narrowness.

* * *

Even in what is called English hypocrisy there is something not to be despised, for it pre-supposes an ideal. And here I speak of hypocrisy only because it is always brought forward as a curse of narrow lives. It is a complicated question, not easy to discuss, for though it is a particularly unpleasant vice, yet if we study well the wonderful diary of Mr. Pepys, which shows us the heart and mind of a man, like very many others, we can see that it can be, sometimes, almost a virtue. This quality in him often sprang from the kindness of his heart and though, to us, his anxiety to appear other than he was may seem to be excessive, it shows him to be very human in being surprised and pained whenever he found he had fallen from his own hope of virtue. Probably, unconsciously, he argued as we all would also no doubt argue that, as the world cannot know of the pain and surprise, it is as well that the reason of them should also be hidden. But it is difficult to say what is hypocrisy and what merely reserve, and if Mr. Pepys was other than his companions thought him, he has been frank enough with us—frank and sincere—and for that we must thank him.

* * *

There is, also, in England less grey respectability than the books of the depressing kind try to make us believe. Those accounts of drizzling early mornings and unwashed people at breakfast, quarrelling over an egg-spilled cloth, are too intent on detail to be true to life. People who put up with spots do not worry too much about them, and so their drabness exists only for the fastidious reader and for the writer who was present, no doubt, only for the sake of copy. The people described do not feel drab, they are too busy and, often, too cheerful. Those for whom the breakfast, the people and the untidiness of place and mind are a torture, find means to get away from it, for anyone who has vitality enough to loathe dullness can leave it or turn it into laughter. It is, besides, wrong to spread a mist of gloom over ugliness, we should try to see clearly even what is unpleasant, and fortunately English people are not introspective like the Slavs, whose despair truly makes for gloom, nor do they suffer from Latin conventionality which still turns the girls of the middle classes into slaves of public opinion.

* * *

We must not judge foreigners by the upper classes; bath salts and French cooks have brought us all to the same thinly varnished, faintly scented level. It is only through other classes that we can know the true character of a people, and to those who are acquainted with these classes in many countries, it is absurd to speak of drabness as being a particularly English fault. There are even drab Latins. No Englishwoman is tied to family and convention—bitter sources of drabness—as Latin women are. English life in sordid little streets is far more jolly than people will allow, and the church and chapel going on Sundays though it may, at times, hide drunkenness and infidelity, is not hypocrisy of a wrong kind but is, in itself, a form of discipline that often in the end bears good fruit. This is, however, a fact impossible for very young people to understand and it is natural that generation after generation should fight the seeming hypocrisy of its elders and their insidious attempts to thrust forward undigested experience as knowledge.

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Reviews

SHAKESPEARE, JOURNALIST

Macbeth, King Lear and Contemporary History.
By Lilian Winstanley. Cambridge University Press. 15s. net.

ALTHOUGH we fundamentally disagree with the conclusions arrived at by Miss Lilian Winstanley in her new essay, 'Macbeth, King Lear and Contemporary History,' and the essay which preceded it, 'Hamlet and the Scottish Succession,' we will say at once that we have nothing but admiration for her liveliness and ingenuity. It would be unfair, and possibly libellous, to suggest that Miss Winstanley has her tongue in her cheek the whole time. But there is an irresistible whimsicality in her conversion of every straw into a hay-field, or, to change the metaphor, her resolution to squeeze the last drop of juice from her oranges of analogy. Ben Jonson, and we after him, have pathetically imagined that Shakespeare wrote not for an age but for all time. Miss Winstanley is convinced that he wrote, not for all time, but strictly for an age, his own age. It is true, of course, that Shakespeare was a practical dramatist, and knew how to "deliver the goods" (if the expression is not inappropriate here) better than anybody of his period excepting, perhaps, Beaumont and Fletcher. It is true that he wrote for his own age. But that is not enough for Miss Winstanley. She will have it that he wrote *about* his own age as well as *for* it. And seeing that direct reference to contemporary political events was forbidden on the stage, he achieved his purpose, she informs us, by the adoption of a "symbolic mythology." He did not, that is to say, present the tragedies and characters of Lear, Hamlet, Macbeth and the rest, *sub specie aeternitatis*, but as disguised commentaries upon the tragedies and characters of such men as Essex, Coligny, Bothwell and Darnley.

Now we cannot conceive that any Shakespearian scholar, however busily fumbling among sixteenth-century parochial manuscripts, or tracing back to Mercia some casual Shakespearian past participle, will not turn aside to attend to this lively new theory. If it were true that Shakespeare was presenting Guy Fawkes to his audience under the guise of the Porter in 'Macbeth,' or that the Oswald of 'King Lear' was none other than Rizzio, what a spacious new occupation is open to scholars! It will become necessary to find a prototype for every 'Second Gentleman' and 'Third Soldier,' to discover the historical well-head from which every rivulet of Shakespearian incident flowed! But it will mean a gradual whittling away of the grandeur of Shakespeare, a whittling away of the marvels of his creativeness, the installation of Shakespeare as the supreme journalist of our literature. Yet if it were true, there would be nothing left but to assist at the process, groaning the while, perhaps. But emphatically we do not believe it true. We consider Miss Winstanley's book to be an example of an ancient occupation—the putting of the cart before the horse.

We will go a long way with Miss Winstanley. We will admit that there are striking resemblances between the murder of Duncan by Macbeth and of Darnley by the elder Bothwell; that Macbeth's commerce with evil spirits resembles the notorious activities of the younger Bothwell; that much in the study of Macbeth himself resembles "the remorse and terror and hallucinations which are said by contemporary French historians to have haunted Charles the Ninth" as a consequence of the massacre of Saint Bartholomew and the murder of Coligny. In the same way, in regard to her treatment of 'King Lear,' we will admit that the King resembles Darnley in his vaingloriousness and Coligny in his heroic vigour; that the exposure of Coligny to the elements by those royal friends who spoke of him as their "father," resembles the treatment of Lear at the

hands of his daughters; that (to take a typical instance of her relentless minor analogies) "the love-story of Edmund and his wooing of the two sisters, Goneril and Regan, is almost exactly like the story of Bothwell in relation to Mary Queen of Scots, and his own wife Lady Bothwell." What is more, we will agree that these contemporary events tremendously stimulated his imagination. No such man as Shakespeare could have been other than profoundly interested in them. His plays would have assumed vastly different forms if these events had not taken place. We must express our gratitude to Miss Winstanley for making these things so clear. The majority of critics, particularly the psychologists and rhapsodists, have understood them dimly or not at all.

But we do not for a moment believe that Shakespeare intended to recreate these events on the stage. According to Miss Winstanley, Shakespeare's mental processes were somewhat as follows: The imagination of the poet was so completely in the grip of this modern circumstance that he determined to embody it upon his stage. But to do this directly was strictly forbidden—only a rare Chapman transgressing the custom. Shakespeare accordingly turned to his sources, Holinshed or "Arcadia" or whatever it might be, discovered an ancient circumstance in some degree resembling this overwhelming contemporary affair and proceeded to develop an elaborate sequence of double meanings, called, for convenience, "plays." We do not believe the imagination works in this duplex manner. It is the most magnificent force in the world, but it is the most simple. All the data to hand upon the processes of genius convince us that Shakespeare's method was precisely the reverse. We have already agreed that it is more than probable, it is certain, that such events as the murder of Darnley, the Essex rebellion, the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, impressed him powerfully. But they had the result only of giving his mind a particular bias; of inclining him to choose certain characters and circumstances and of imparting to them their own hues and lineaments. For the rest, once the vast machinery of his intellect and imagination had set to work upon a Macbeth or a Lear, henceforth nothing concerned him but one immense passion to render for all time the image of a brave man warped by the devil within him, the image of a colossal derelict at the heart of the embattled elements.

Miss Winstanley must be a little more careful in her special pleading. In her anxiety to prove that the characters of Shakespeare are primarily symbols, she observes of "Caliban" that it is very easy to use him as a symbol. Sir Paul Vinogradoff employs him as a symbol of Bolshevik Russia. *Ergo*, we imply, Shakespeare intended him for a symbol? Once again, it is an exaggeration to state that the Elizabethans and Jacobians expected the stage to do duty for newspapers and public platforms. There were taverns then as now. Men went to the theatre to be entertained, then as now, not to elucidate a subtle system of correspondences. The demand for the functions of newspapers and public platforms was only created by the slow evolution of their supply. Above all, Miss Winstanley must be aware what arrant rhetoric it is to dismiss the Lear of Holinshed as "a remote King of the Bronze Age." It is only for modern and scientific minds that the use of a purely modern and scientific category throws Lear into the backward and abyss of time. For the Elizabethans Lear was at least as interesting a figure as their Greek and Roman heroes of alien extinct races. One fact in particular we would like to draw to her attention. There is no doubt at all that a playwright of today who desired to present a drama of political assassination would choose Julius Caesar or Abraham Lincoln in preference to Sir Henry Wilson. It is the consequence of a duality in the artist we have no space here to examine. It is a quality which has eluded Miss Winstanley completely in her enthusiastic halloo after analogies.

A MARTIAN AMONG THE POETS

Love Songs of Men and Women. By Erda Lang. Macdonald. 2s. 6d. net.
Thespis in Chains. By Leedam Stanley. Daniel. 3s. net.
The Soul's Adventure. By John Shelburne. Macdonald. 5s. net.
Romanel. By Herbert Jones. Bodley Head. 5s. net.
Tunes of a Penny Piper. Songs for Music. By Eleanor Farjeon. Selwyn and Blount. 1s. 6d. each.
Selected Poems. By John Drinkwater. Sidgwick. 3s. 6d. net.
Daybreak. By Fredegond Shove. Hogarth Press. 3s. 6d. net.

IT is to be expected that a visitor from Mars who had distinguished himself throughout his native planet by the delicacy of his poetic appreciations, would make a direct course to these shores. We are impelled to this conclusion by analogy with the convincing argument of the Rutlandshire clergyman who proved English to have been the language of the Garden of Eden. Such a visitor would find in the volumes before us a representative series of the samples turned out by our contemporary verse-factories.

We are interested to observe that under the aegis of Mr. Erskine Macdonald, a characteristic type of palpitant poetry continues to deliver its ecstasies in those "thick fast pants" of which Coleridge sings. Miss Lang is a passionate writer. "You tiger through and through," she hisses. Or she will seek some rare similitude for the colour of eyes. "Eyes I have seen," she declares, "as blue as azure skies." Poetic licence could not further wander into licentiousness. Sometimes her poems begin with a smooth and deceptive flow of milk. The reader has not many stanzas to wait before the beverage is whipped up into a thick cream of emotion. Miss Lang should turn to writing popular novels.

"Thespis in Chains" is "a narrative poem disclosing systems and practices which embitter and degrade the life and art of the British actor and actress." It would successfully discourage our Martian visitor from having any truck with the outrageous institution Mr. Stanley presents to us as our native theatre. We cannot quite make out the function of Apollo, Melpomene, Leonard and the Prime Minister in the fantastic machinery of this poem, which is full of neoclassical strophes, apostrophes and interludes. There is reason to suspect that the whole poem is an insidious form of Trades Union propaganda. At least Apollo declares outright:

Such fate doth Albion's historians require,
 Who fail in solid union to unite,
 Who do not—as the crafty Tute hath done—
 Associations all combine in one.

Not here, O Apollo, are haunts meet for thee! Yet we can assure him that he will find on page 56 incomparably the most comical passage in the annals of English verse. Apollo would breathe a little more comfortably in Mr. Shelburne's "The Soul's Adventure," which narrates the spiritual vicissitudes of a gentleman called Phaon, a remote relative of Endymion. Mr. Shelburne is to be congratulated on the creditable achievement of imitating, without exception, all the weaknesses of the immature Keats—from the indecisive line-endings, the tyranny over the thought of the haphazard rhyme, to the employment of such dapper Cockneysms as would have delighted the heart of Leigh Hunt. Mr. Shelburne, who has feeling, should try again, attempting for a period the harsh discipline of sonnets.

The most interesting of these narrative poems is Mr. Jones's "Romanel," which traces with a quite limpid fluency the loves of Pierre, a returned French soldier, and Ninette, his cousin. He is the only contemporary

poet we know who is, both in theme and manner, the direct descendant of Coventry Patmore. But Mr. Jones is so far removed from those inspired domesticities, that he has removed the Angel from the house and placed her in a bathing-costume, "which could hardly be further curtailed." So too has the sacro-sanctity of marriage suffered a sea-change :

It might perhaps be just as well,
In case some shipwreck-accident befall,
If we were married, more
Or less
By "more or less" I mean not by a priest;
I'd rather not, their notions make me yawn.

But even these flippancies are pardonable in a poem which tells its story with so easy a music and without a ghost of poetic inversion or phraseology.

Miss Eleanor Farjeon has a very whimsical and various gift. She can turn out a novel as prettily as a Sussex rhyme-alphabet and a political epigram as terse as her children's songs are zestful and ingenuous. It is true that these two minute volumes present whiffs of song which dissipate almost as soon as blown. But there are poems here richer than many a pretentious volume contains, turned out with vellum covers and hand-made paper, by many a pretentious poet. We like particularly her 'Awake in March' and its dexterous imitation of the Marvellian *cæsura*:

Not the full-throated choir of May
Whose rich confusion wakes the day,
But single notes my ear receives
Like spots of light upon green leaves.

At this late day there is little more to say of Mr. Drinkwater, than to welcome his 'Selected Poems.' It was, perhaps, somewhat artful of his publishers to suggest to our Martian, by the buckram of his covers and the faded gold lettering of his title, that not merely is Mr. Drinkwater assured of a place equally with the sixteenth and seventeenth-century lyrists, but that actually he was their contemporary. It will be seen from this volume that that tendency towards a Johnsonian polysyllabic frigidity which we noted in Mr. Drinkwater's last volume of lyrics, is absent from his earlier poems. He is less consciously "the master of the abstract noun," as a critic recently described him. We hope Mr. Drinkwater will shake off this mantle of mistaken dignity. It can lead only to such a pretentiousness as we have observed in a less gifted contemporary :

And may the circumstantial trees
Dip, for these dead ones, in the breeze . . .

The same caprice which has kept almost unknown so fine a woman-poet as Miss Muriel Stuart has familiarized a respectable body of readers with Mrs. Shove's unassertive and spiritual poetry. She is in the tradition of the mystical women-poets which passes from Christina Rossetti to Mrs. Meynell and Miss Evelyn Underhill, and in such hands the legacy of mysticism in English poetry is safe enough. If the echoes of this poet's 'Harp of Wonder' continue to sing in the ears of our Martian visitant as he wings homeward in his planetary way, we shall not be so ashamed of the earlier strains which greeted him :

Where—where—can it be?
The spirit that I used to see?
How, how can I know aught
When all is with such wonder fraught?
Extreme cold, and extreme heat,
Seas, and clouds and worlds, a fleet
A fleet of worlds, a galaxy
Of quiet globes spinning in the sky.

He will have had a testimony of his kinship with us.

RICHARD MIDDLETON

Richard Middleton. The Man and his Work. By Henry Savage. Cecil Palmer. 12s. 6d. net.

WHEN the brief and hectic career of Richard Middleton was brought to a sudden close in 1911, his name was wholly unknown outside a narrow circle of friends. It might have remained unknown but for the

untiring zeal and punctilious loyalty of a friend, who has not ceased to retrieve Middleton's writings in verse and prose, and to insist on public notice. The energy of Mr. Henry Savage has had its reward in a considerable awakening of curiosity and even of admiration. After publishing five volumes of Middleton's remains, Mr. Savage now completes his labour of love by issuing a full biography of the young man who, at the age of twenty-nine perished so miserably in a Brussels lodging-house. Whatever posterity may say of the misfortunes of Richard Middleton, it cannot but record that he had the good luck to secure an unselfish and invaluable executor. We presume that with the publication of the biography before us, the exposure of Middleton's work and career is complete.

Yet it is incomplete in certain important directions. We still have no explanation of the extreme penury which appears to have driven him to suicide, nor of his complete isolation from his family and early associates. There is still a slight air of mystification over the narrative, full as it has grown to be. We refrain from emphasizing this, since, after all, we know enough about this unfortunate writer, whom his editor and best friend did not meet until six years before his death. That he was a strange and freakish creature is evident. At the age of twenty, as a remarkable photograph testifies, the whole lower half of his face was concealed by a heavy dark moustache and full beard, and yet remained extremely juvenile. His intellectual character had a similar incongruity; he was extravagantly young and very old, a tired child, a puerile aged man. Mr. Savage's portrait of him displays him in the midst of a strange Bohemia of Fleet Street, talking with uncontrolled fluency, improvising endless verses, with no other occupation but verse and talk, the little bearded god of a rather squalid clan of nymphs and satyrs, living for literature and nothing but literature in a back water of the under-stream of London.

What is to be the future of Middleton's writings? Not, we fear, a very brilliant one. He said of himself that he had either a first-class or a tenth-class brain, but this was a mistake. It is not unkind to say that he had a second-class brain, if we are to use his language. He had a real gift, but it was not disciplined, and most of his poetry is of that unsatisfactory kind which criticism describes as being so good that it ought to be better. His best lyrics will be admired in anthologies, and yet there is hardly one of them which is quite without blemish. He wrote distinguished short stories, of which one, 'The Ghost Ship,' is original and striking. His principal merits, as a poet, are his luxuriance and sweetness. His main defect is a negative one, namely, that he does not present in his fluent compositions the intensity of a really original mind. He was so young and so sincerely devoted to poetry that, with more luck, he might have created a style of his own. But he did not, and perhaps the most remarkable thing about him is the discreet enthusiasm of his biographer.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

British History in the Nineteenth Century. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.

A HISTORY of Great Britain covering the eventful period from 1782 to 1901 in a single volume could only be successfully conducted by a writer of unusual tact and skill. Mr. Trevelyan is such a writer, and we are not surprised to receive from his hand an able summary of the change and development in the life of our country during those hundred and twenty years. It is easy to see why this survey closes with the death of Queen Victoria, and the end of the Boer War. The opposite terminus is not so clearly indicated, but Mr. Trevelyan has chosen, wisely we think, to start by giving a picture of England on the eve of the Industrial Revolu-

tion, "the quiet, old England of the eighteenth century before machines destroyed it," and before the French upheaval disturbed its political consciousness. He has selected the year in which the personal government of George III came to an end, and this enables him to dwell on the entire public career of the younger Pitt. It is amusing to place one's self in imagination at the starting-point of 1782, and to reflect how little any one then living realized the developments which were imminent, how little, for instance, with all their intelligence and clairvoyance, Fox or Burke conceived of the changes which a century was to bring forth.

Mr. Trevelyan's scheme, in his plausible hands, seems to fall naturally into two parts, the definition of which in detail is, perhaps, the most novel characteristic of his book. He regards the first fifty years of his period as mainly remarkable for what he calls the "headlong course" of industrial revolution in this country, leading up to its culmination in the Reform Bill of 1832. He considers that revolution to have been mainly destructive, although the conscientious legislators of the time saw nothing but good in the changes which they encouraged and affected. In his attitude towards these social consequences Mr. Trevelyan reminds us not a little of that of Taine towards the destruction of the *ancien régime* in France. He shows, what is often neglected, that the mistakes of well-meaning reformers led to nothing less than that long disaster, the pauperization of rural England. The second half of his story is occupied with the building up of a new world, through eighty years of steady and perpetual reform of a far more practical kind. He dwells on the essentially British character of the political and social changes which have accompanied, but have never closely paralleled, the contemporary crises in continental countries. He shows what a curiously consistent phenomenon is the deep-seated individualism of England.

In this interesting outline of nineteenth century history nothing seems to us to be more valuable than the firmness with which the author insists on the bondage and misery which were the results of the industrial changes brought about by the Napoleonic Wars, or at least co-existent with them, and on the absence of regulated purpose which led to such miserable results. He carries us with him in the enthusiasm with which he hails the recovery which was brought about by the great Acts which saved the country from rebellion, and which started every form of national activity on a sound and liberal basis. Towards the end of his life Mr. Gladstone, looking back over sixty years, perceived the significance of the legislation of 1832. He said, "That great Act was for England improvement and extension, for Scotland it was political birth, the beginning of a duty and a power." Mr. Trevelyan's volume is an eloquent commentary on those words, and is written in a style so buoyant and graceful that it carries the reader with it through some of the most abstruse and obscure complications of our economical and legislative history.

AN EPIC OF THE AIR

14,000 Miles Through the Air. By Sir Ross Smith. Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.

A MOURNFUL interest is added to this book by the fact that it is posthumous. Sir Ross Smith was killed at Brooklands while testing the aeroplane in which he and his brother were about to make a serious attempt to be the first to accomplish in the air what Drake first succeeded in doing on the sea. If anything were needed to persuade us of the extreme difficulty and danger of such an undertaking, it would be supplied by reading this story of the first flight from England to Australia. For it was only by means of the most minute, untiring and laborious attention to detail, not to mention a fair share of luck—though pluck it was, assuredly, that predominated—that success was attained in a flight which, though of record length, was

in comparison with that subsequently contemplated hardly more than a joy-ride.

It is almost impossible to exaggerate the risks attending the venture. In some respects Sir Ross Smith was more fitted than anyone for the task; he knew intimately the second stage of the flight, from Cairo to Calcutta, having flown over much of it during the war, and afterwards pioneered the air route from Baghdad to Calcutta with his Commanding Officer; he had surveyed by sea and land the third stage, that from Calcutta to Singapore; he had made friends with the Governor-General of Java and was able to use this friendship to get two aerodromes specially constructed for his flight, at the expense of the Dutch Government, at Bima and Atamboca, which greatly facilitated the difficulties of flying over a stretch of country otherwise devoid of all possible landing grounds. But though this perhaps gave him and his comrades a "pull" over their rivals, nothing can detract from the courage and determination of their enterprise. It must surely rank with the exploits of the great company of pioneers who have upheld the name of Britain through the centuries.

Of the four stages of the flight proper—we will not concern ourselves with the fifth stage from Port Darwin to Sydney and Adelaide—Sir Ross found the first the most trying. They started in November from Hounslow Aerodrome on a day officially reported "totally unfit for flying," and fought their way through a blizzard, among vast banks of clouds many thousands of feet high, out of sight of land and sky. Wonderfully accurate navigation by Sir Keith mingled with no small leavening of luck can alone have brought the *Vimy* safely to earth at Lyons. It is impossible here to trace the full course of their long journey. Almost everywhere foul weather hindered them, and several times the machine was bogged. Only those who have piloted machines in storms can fully appreciate the horrors of dark, interminable flights through snow, blinding and cutting rain, drenching clouds and the most alarming air pockets, sometimes of eight hundred and even a thousand feet. Yet to keep down the weight of their load, these men took no kit beyond what they stood up in and the proverbial tooth brush. Whenever they landed, however soaked with rain or numbed with cold, they spent hours in going over the engine and parts and filling up the huge tanks with tons of petrol laboriously man-handled and meticulously filtered, before snatching about four hours sleep, often interrupted to stand by their machine threatened by a storm. It was only such extreme care that brought success, and Sir Ross in paying frequent tributes to the excellence of his engines and fabric—the machine was never once under cover during the twenty-eight days and nights, and weathered the most devastating storms—is unconsciously praising the untiring devotion to duty of himself and his gallant crew.

Sir Ross wrote with a full appreciation for the wonders of flying and the grandeur of scenery, and some of his cloud-pictures have strength and vividness. The illustrations, taken mostly from the air, are exceedingly good. The book bears such evidence of having been printed in America as "aeroplane," "gray," "labor," and so on.

UNDER COVER

The Pomp of Power. Anonymous. Hutchinson. 18s. net.

If a man writes an anonymous letter you take no notice of it, and though anonymity in a work of imagination is comprehensible, if only because sensitive people find it difficult to express their deepest feelings over their own names, it is fast becoming necessary for a protest to be made against the anonymous book which deals with personalities or with matters of fact. Unlike a newspaper or review where the editor is responsible for the opinions and the publisher for their issue, there is here only the responsibility of the latter. If

books of this kind continue to be published they will have to be treated as one would treat anonymous letters. Various guesses have been made at the authorship of this latest book. We do not propose to join in the competition, except to say that either two hands have been at work, or else the author has worked up papers and material belonging to somebody else, or else, finally, he simply got tired as the book went on. Some of the later chapters are certainly much more hurriedly written and with less information behind them than in the earlier part of the book. The author, whoever he is, has clearly lived a good deal in Paris, has been in touch with a certain side of French politics, and is extremely well informed of the views of at any rate one party on the French General Staff. He has also been in correspondence with the late Sir Henry Wilson, from whom he quotes a letter which must surely have been published by permission, and he has not much use for British newspaper proprietors. The book is of value for its account of the French General Staff plans before the war, and for its obviously inside information regarding the Nivelle offensive. It shows a particularly close acquaintance with the political career of M. Painlevé and though, as we have said, it is futile to guess at the authorship of a book of this kind it is perhaps in the neighbourhood of an English politician who was particularly closely associated with that Minister that we should look for the inspiration of at least part of it. It owes much to generous quotation from recent French books and articles on the war, and is full of quaintly chosen French tags—"Chambre" for Chamber and "Hommes d'Etat" for statesmen, for instances—many of which are misprinted. Altogether we have seldom seen a book in which the proofs were apparently more hurriedly read.

CROCE ON DANTE

The Poetry of Dante. By Benedetto Croce. Translated by Douglas Ainslie. Allen and Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

THERE is no such thing as a universal classic. An author, however widely regarded as essential to a liberal education, does not make the same impression on one nation as another. Tolstoy derided 'King Lear,' the French despise Dumas, and the English neglect Racine, whom Matthew Arnold called "the Virgil of the ignorant." How can foreigners have the deep and secure instinct for language which is a birth-right, or the sense of humour which belong to another country? This is a grave drawback in the appreciation of poetry, which consists largely of common words raised to their highest value. So it is not necessary to make very much of Signor Croce on Shakespeare, but we read him on Dante with deep attention. It is a book that everybody can read, not being surcharged with æsthetic philosophy, and it affirms the substantial taste of the ingenuous reader who seeks for poetry, the beauty of emotion rendered in the best words, and nothing else. Such a reader does not worry himself excessively about the exact meaning of an allegorical wild beast, the structure of the poem, or the question whether history has justified Dante's loves and hates. He reads and remembers lines like:

In la sua volontade è nostra pace

He is quite right, though it is his business to master the ideas and limitations of Dante's age, if he is going to understand Dante as well as possible. Signor Croce speaks faithfully and trenchantly about "allotrious" matter, and the hordes of commentators who always gather round a classic, and think they have added much to the world's pleasure, if they have made a good guess at an obscure reference, or found another hit at a contemporary. Dante offers an immense field for such frigid research, but he was not frigid himself. He was furiously alive. If he wrote of the other world, he was very much of his own. He canonized and canonaded in a direct way which is odd to an English

sense of humour. Signor Croce freely recognizes that theological professions have a retarding effect on poetical inspiration. Dante with his immense vigour and pictorial power has made a more impressive Hell than Milton's, but he has not faced some problems with the solution which human ethical feeling demands. Yet he is free from the passion for war as triumph and adventure which marks much early literature. His "first great unmixed poetry" in the *Inferno* shines, says Signor Croce, in the tragic love of Paolo and Francesca. The Pope fixed head downwards in the pit with his legs sticking out, and only able to talk when he shakes them, shows a very different Dante, the inexorable prosecutor, judge and executioner of a great enemy. We can understand how Horace Walpole, with his usual spiteful exaggeration, dubbed Dante "extravagant, absurd, disgusting, in short, a Methodist in Bedlam." The summaries here of the three parts of the *Divine Comedy* are excellent reading, and the 'Survey of Dantean Criticism' only disappoints us because it says so little of English work.

Historical research on Dante, though its importance is easily overrated, is, of course, valuable, and the author enables us to see what he owed to his time. His originality is not so great as once we thought it. The 'Vita Nuova' is largely the rhetoric of a young man doing well the fashionable sort of writing. No mature poet belongs to a school: he belongs to himself. This early verse is the work of a school, not always, or perhaps often, the first and direct result of emotional experience. But just as in Shakespeare's sonnets we feel that there was a real woman behind it all, though the verse is of the fashionable sort, so we assert our belief in a real Beatrice. It does not matter, we read, whether she was real or not. We should ask ourselves, Does she possess poetic warmth and reality? Our answer is that she is no cold, intellectual creation, but a real woman, destined in the *Purgatorio* to show, for all her serenity and saintliness, something of a woman's quiet malice.

The translation by Mr. Ainslie reads like an original, a welcome change after several botched performances from various languages, due, we suppose, to wretched pay and inadequate knowledge.

THE CUCKOO

The Cuckoo's Secret. By Edgar Chance. Sidgwick and Jackson. 7s. 6d. net.

THIS intimate study of the mysterious ways of the cuckoo by Mr. Chance and a group of enthusiastic friends makes an illuminating record. Year after year, through the nesting weeks they keep hidden watch with extraordinary patience, chiefly on a certain wood-encircled common, a favourite haunt of these migrants. Practically every nest of the small songsters most liable to invasion by the cuckoo is marked and daily noted, the meadow pipit being consistently an easy first among the victims. Every stealthy method of approach in the mother's absence is described, ending with the quick dart to the nest, the rapid deposit of the egg and subsequent hasty flight, all occupying but a few seconds. Even more than this, the author actually shows us film photographs of the cuckoo at every stage of his nefarious proceedings. Reed and sedge warblers, and in a lesser degree robins, hedge sparrows and pied wagtails, come next on the list to meadow pipits, as enforced hatchers of the cuckoo's usually single egg to a nest, though many more species are occasionally imposed upon. This whole strange business is, of course, full of incidents of which Mr. Chance gives many examples. It seems too that the cuckoo, produced, say, in a meadow pipit's nest, will generally leave her eggs next year for meadow pipits to hatch, while the very shade of the cuckoo's egg approximates to that of the foster parent. There are some wonderful things in this little book.

New Fiction

By GERALD GOULD

Aaron's Rod. By D. H. Lawrence. Secker. 7s. 6d. net.*The Holy Tree.* By Gerald O'Donovan. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.*The Head of the House of Coombe.* By Frances Hodgson. Burnett. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.

THREE voices are there—the classic, the romantic and the sentimental. The first two are hard to distinguish, and the third lacks distinction. The old controversy of "Ancient and Modern," which is but "Classic versus Romantic" writ small, moved Swift to his famous stricture upon Homer's deficiency in the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England: and indeed, at whatever point of the argument you start, it will swing you round into a contradiction. Mr. Lytton Strachey recently allotted the accumulation of detail to romance as its distinctive mark, and to the classics "a fine economy": but the test fails as soon as you apply it. By it, almost every great romantic becomes a classic at his greatest moments. Perhaps all such tests would fail in precisely this way. And perhaps that is the solution. For the romance lies in the subject, and a classical restraint of treatment is often the means of enforcing the romantic quality.

Mr. D. H. Lawrence's mistake is in his perpetual groping after situations more intoxicating and emotions more amazing than are provided by the rich multiplicity of life. Life, after all, is the artist's business. It is large, it contains contradictions: it contains, *ex hypothesi*, every possible variety of experience: nothing is added to it by the description of experiences which nobody could ever possibly have had. Of course, Mr. Lawrence, like any other artist, is at liberty to create—is under the obligation to create—his own world: he is not confined, any more than the creator of Ariel and Caliban, to human beings: but it follows that, like any other artist, he must give to his creation an artistic reality and coherence of its own. Truth to experience does not mean truth to the external commonplace of experience, or all fantasy would be ruled out: it means truth to that central and creative thing of which experience is the garment and expression. And Mr. Lawrence's world is fantastic without the unity of fantasy. He wanders in and out of reality in a restless search, not for truth, but for difference. He gives, indeed, his whole case away when he begins a chapter with the reflection: "It is remarkable how many odd or extraordinary people there are in England." That betrays his uneasiness about his own characters: for oddness is *not* remarkable except by contrast with what is ordinary, and neither in Mr. Lawrence's England nor in his Italy is there anything ordinary at all. There is nothing odd, because nothing even: nothing startling, because nothing quiet. Romance is not thus to be sought or found. Romance springs from the simplest things—youth and love and age and death: it is swift but it is not restless. It includes madness (what more romantic than Ophelia?) but it does not just run mad. Mr. Lawrence's demented miners, tearful cavalry officers and sinister and brooding ladies do not make a novel, nor even a novelty.

We are introduced to a family-group at Christmas. Within three pages I find the epithets "satyr-like," "dangerous," "odd," "furtive"—and three "wilds." "She tailed off into her hurried, wild, repeated laugh." "Julia sucked wildly at her light." "The father, who was perfectly sober, except for the contagion from the young people, felt a wild tremor go through his heart as he gazed on the face of his boy."—A merry Christmas! This is not Dickens's Christmas sentimentality: but is it not, in its distortion of values, a great deal more sentimental? Not so much in this book as in some others of its author's and of his school, but still quite perceptibly here too, hatred, cruelty and lust are out of place as well as out of proportion: hatred

is made the very core of love, instead of its opposite: we are asked to see beauty in the desire for domination. Some of the characters, indeed, are tainted with a specific mental disease—and it seems that we are to expect creation from them in consequence. Their sweetest songs are those that tell of Sadist thought.

Not that I associate myself for one moment with the cry that Mr. Lawrence's work is "indecent." Far from it. The artist has a right to portray what seems to him true: and "Is it true?" is the critic's question. Truth is its own decency. On that score, Mr. Lawrence's work is wholly legitimate; it is illegitimate only because it is false; and not all his genius can make falsehood other than ridiculous. Aaron Sisson, in the book under review, leaves his wife. Why? I quote fragmentarily:

First and single he felt, and as such he bore himself. It had taken him years to realize that Lottie also felt herself first and single: under all her whimsicalness and fretfulness was a conviction as firm as steel: that she, as woman, was the centre of creation, the man was but an adjunct.

... through his plaintive and homage-rendering love of a young husband was always, for the woman, discernible the arrogance of self-unyielding male. He never yielded himself: never. All his mad loving was only an effort. Afterwards, he was as devilishly unyielded as ever.

... She could never understand whence arose in her, almost from the first days of marriage with him, her terrible paroxysms of hatred for him. She was in love with him: oh! heaven, how maddeningly she was in love with him: a certain unseizable beauty that was his, and which fascinated her as a snake a bird. But in revulsion, how she hated him! How she abhorred him! How she despised and shuddered at him! He seemed a horrible thing to her.

... She made his life a hell for him. She bit him to the bone with her frenzy of rage, chagrin, and agony. She drove him mad too: mad, so that he beat her: mad so that he longed to kill her.

And so on. In order to preserve this unyieldingness, this "isolate self-responsibility"—or rather in order to avoid the friction and misery attendant upon his refusal to give it up—Aaron goes out into the world and plays his flute for a living: meets a number of boring, unconvincing and irrelevant people in England and Italy: and at last, apparently, in spite of his "intrinsic and central aloneness," is converted to the opposite doctrine, that he must "submit." But to a man, not a woman. For the doctrine of love and self-sacrifice is played out, and "the power-motive" must be substituted for it: and that means that women must submit to men and men to one another. Such is Mr. Lawrence's philosophy. It seems simple.

In "The Holy Tree" we get the treatment—classic in its austerity and yet lyrical, ecstatic—of an old romantic story, the story of a love which seems to the lovers full of the beauty of God and which yet conflicts, in one lover's mind, with everything that she has been taught of God's will. Ann is one of those people in books who walk straight out of the book into the reader's heart. Her loveliness, her youth, her faith, her tragedy, are real, vital, urgent. It is true that, in trying to write a novel throughout on the level of poetry, Mr. O'Donovan has attempted something beyond even his powers. The strain is as if "Richard Feverel" were pitched throughout on the note of the one great love-scene. Nobody could perform such a feat, and Mr. O'Donovan has not performed it. But he has made a heroic attempt, and, despite occasional flatness and awkwardness, the beauty prevails. The stark setting, the plain hard life of the Irish village, is in keeping. And, in cutting the knot of his problem instead of untying it, Mr. O'Donovan has given a tragic unity to the whole. For the business of art is not to solve moral dilemmas, but to reconcile life with that which poses the dilemmas.

A boy-and-girl love affair: an unmatural mother, pretty, fluffy, cowardly and unprincipled: a grim aristocrat: a hint of the White Slave Traffic—of these ingredients Mrs. Hodgson Burnett has woven a tale which it is not adverse criticism to call sentimental: for it puts forward no pretension to be anything else; and, within that convention, it is very lively and readable,

Authors and Publishers

A MISCELLANY

THE organizers of the Shelley centenary celebration at the Haymarket Theatre showed some courage in selecting for their two chief speakers, neither professors of literature, nor members (however distinguished) of what may be called irreverently "the old gang," but two such comparatively young writers as Mr. Squire and Mr. Drinkwater. The policy, especially when the subject of the celebration was so pre-eminently a young man's writer as Shelley, was certainly the right one, even though it deprived us of hearing once more—to name one of the older critics who would have done the thing to admiration—so polished a speaker as Mr. Gosse. Rumour, indeed, has it that Mr. Gosse was very largely responsible for the choice of younger speakers. After all, the older men have most of them had their say about Shelley, their opinions are known; and that to those should now be added the eulogies of younger critics and poets certainly increased the value of the tribute to Shelley's memory.

I see that the British Museum and the Bodleian are commemorating the Shelley Centenary by special exhibitions. The Bodleian are showing a number of his manuscripts and some personal relics, while the British Museum show a complete set of first editions, eighteen in number, of almost incalculable value and the greatest rarity. This I will not enlarge on, as full particulars are given of them in Mr. Seymour de Ricci's new guide to collectors. I noticed also some of the more sumptuous reprints—those of the Kelmscott Press, the Dover Press, and Mr. Bruce Rogers, together with a noble edition of the Prometheus Unbound, printed at Amsterdam during the war and issued in 1919. It is evidently inspired by the Doves Press and has a very pleasing fount of type, but it is marred for reading by the over-use of the long S. In the same case are shown the last letter of Shelley to Mrs. Jane Williams on July 4, 1822, a poem written for her, 'The Recollection,' and the process verbal of the cremation of his body dated August 16, signed among others by Edward Trelawney and Noel Byron.

I should like to recommend those of my readers who have little sons in the house to procure for them a copy of Denis Crane's *Boys' Book of Canada* (Wells Gardner, 7s. 6d. net). This is the right kind of book, not only for giving the youngsters an idea of the geography and the physical and human resources of Canada, but also for inculcating in them a living interest in the Empire and those other Englands that lie beyond the seas. The book is exceptionally well illustrated by photographs; it is most illuminating on the subject of the choice of a career in Canada, and altogether is a satisfactory instance of the right thing done in the right way. I hope the publishers will follow it with other boys' books devoted to other dominions. By the way, the publisher and price were wrongly given in our book list a fortnight ago.

It is remarkable how the half-gods of Georgianism are gradually going and the gods of Victorianism beginning to re-arrive. Little by little the shafts of scorn and contempt are becoming blunted and it is now conceded that a few of the Victorian lions may have been a little more than local. It is even, according to more than one distinguished critic, permissible again to speak with approval, or at all events without depreciation, of Charles Dickens; and has not Dean Inge told us that with Alfred Lord Tennyson, English poetry achieved its pinnacle of perfectibility? I am afraid I cannot wholly share the Dean's gloomy view of English poetry, but I suppose it is not necessary for me to express my opinion on the restoration of Charles?

But what does this change portend? For it is quite clearly occurring: only the other day Mr. Roger Fry (or somebody very like him) remarked the reappearance in British drawing-rooms of the wax fruits upon which Wilde exercised his wit, and I am told (I apologize before I say it, in case it is a libel) that Mr. Arnold Bennett has had a house decorated in mid-Victorian fashion, complete with bows and tassels and antimacassars. Every age, I suppose, finds the age that has immediately preceded it the hardest of all to understand, and therefore derides it. And I think that this gradual reaction which has been noted is a sign that a new era has really begun, one remove from Victorianism, and therefore less prone to scoff at it.

The Homeland Association, which goes quietly but usefully to work collecting and publishing information on the towns and districts of Great Britain by means of guide-books, lectures and so on, has just published a new edition of *The Quantock Hills* (2s. 6d. net). This guide conforms with the Association's many other booklets in being fully and accurately informative on every aspect of the country. It is generously illustrated and contains also a map reproduced from the Ordnance Survey Sheet for the district. The Quantocks chief claim to literary fame is Coleridge and Wordsworth's connexion—*The Ancient Mariner* belongs entirely to them—and I can imagine that he who wrote (I quote from memory):

Happy is England : I could be content
To see no other verdure than her own

would himself sympathize with the aims of the Homeland Association, which are, in the words of Thomas Fuller, to "know the rooms of thy native country before thou goest over the threshold thereof."

I have read with profit and enjoyment *The Discovery of Australia* (Macmillan : 25s. net); in fact, I have become seized of what to me is such a mass of fresh information on this subject that I feel almost as if I were taking some share in the discovery. The book consists of lectures—the merely didactic spirit is happily absent from them—which were delivered to a class in Sydney University by Dr. G. Arnold Wood, who is Professor of History in that seat of learning. In an interesting and often entertaining way he tells the story of the old navigators as they sailed all manner of strange, uncharted seas until in time they came to the shores of Australia, a vast continent which had been quite unknown to the ancient world. The first authenticated discovery of any part of Australia was in 1606, and it was a Dutch ship that made it—a fine tale in itself. But that is just a small bit of a most fascinating narrative of high and splendid adventure, which is well illustrated by a number of old maps and charts.

A contributor to the SATURDAY REVIEW, who is spending the present month in Westmorland, sends me the following verses which, he assures me, are the only production of his muse under the influence of country air and mountain scenery :

Lines upon Thwarted Inspiration, by a Poet staying in the
Lake District.

I'll write an ode to Wordsworth's cottage!
But the darn thing only rhymes with "pottage,"
And naught, of all I've seen or heard, 's worth
The fag of finding rhymes to Wordsworth!

This shows the pitiful state to which even learned and literary minds may be reduced by a wet July.

LIBRARIAN

Competitions

PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

Prizes are given every week for the first correct solution of the current Acrostic and Chess Problems. These prizes consist of a copy of any book (to be selected by the winner) reviewed in the issue of the *SATURDAY REVIEW* in which the problem was set. The published price of the book must not exceed one guinea, and it must be a book issued by one of the Houses mentioned in the list below.

Envelopes containing solutions must be clearly marked "Competition" and should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor or Chess Editor, the *SATURDAY REVIEW*, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2. Any competitor not so marking his envelope will be disqualified. The name of the winner and of the book selected will be published in the *SATURDAY REVIEW*.

The following is the list of publishers whose books may be selected:—

Allen & Unwin	Harrap	Mills & Boon
Bale, Sons & Danielsson	Heinemann	Murray
Basil Blackwell	Hodder & Stoughton	Nash and Grayson
Burns, Oates & Washbourne	Hodge	Odhams Press
Chapman & Hall	Herbert Jenkins	Stanley Paul
Collins	Hutchinson	Putnam's
Dent	Jarrold	Routledge
Fisher Unwin	John Lane, The Bodley	Sampson Low
Foulis	Head	Selwyn & Blount
Grant Richards	Macmillan	S.P.C.K.
Gylldental	Heirose	Ward, Lock
	Methuen	Werner Laurie

Competitors must always intimate their choice of book when sending their solutions. In future, competitors not complying with this rule will be disqualified.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS. III.

1. *Prose.* A prize of three guineas will be awarded for the best "Fragment of a Conversation overheard in the 'Mermaid Tavern.'" The fragment should not exceed 600 words.
2. *Verse.* A prize of three guineas will be awarded for the best "Ballade of Auto-Suggestion."

The following conditions are to be observed:—

1. All entries must arrive at the *SATURDAY REVIEW* Office not later than the first post on Friday, July 21, and the successful entries will be published the following week.
2. The names and addresses of competitors should be clearly stated. Entries will be referred to by the signature below the MS. proper.
3. The Editor will be the sole judge, and can enter into no correspondence with regard to these competitions. He reserves the right to publish any of the MSS. submitted, none of which can be returned. Any unsuccessful MS. published will be paid for.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 19.

1. Here's a light light—light on it soon you must.
2. 'Twas not my wont to let my good sword rust.
3. "Might not its waters wash away the stain?"
4. Once more 'tis heard, once more, and yet again.
5. In this the poet vents his joys or woes.
6. Certain small implements it may enclose.
7. Self-slaughter ended that great conqueror's days.
8. As one of five I gained John Ruskin's praise.
9. She moved her lips, but uttered ne'er a sound.
10. This may comprise no small expanse of ground.
11. You'll find him by his large and portly size."
12. In far Nigeria—there this village lies.
13. He, in the last resort, supports us all.
14. Proof I demanded, for my faith was small.
15. Sheltered the ancient Briton and his wife.

RIVALS WHO LONG PLAGUED EUROPE WITH THEIR STRIFE.
THE ONE "CAST CROWNS FOR ROSARIES AWAY";
"ALL'S LOST BUT HONOUR" DID THE OTHER SAY?

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 17.

1. Tabooed by Peter, whether long or short.
2. Alas! to Latin I must needs resort!
3. All on the surface, as a film of ice is.
4. Records its subject's virtues, not his vices.
5. She and her "daughters" erstwhile made some noise.
6. Dragged from its lair by fisher men and boys.
7. What! Trust to him? My fate he'd quickly settle.
8. Against the Muscovite I proved my mettle.
9. The Berber deems him sorcerer or saint.
10. They ought to be contented, though they ain't.
11. This e'en the wisest now and then enjoy.
12. Recalls the picture of an unkempt boy.
13. Shake off dull sloth, friend, and from this be freed!
14. Restored God's worship—helped them in their need.
15. His machinations should perhaps be feared.

BY PIUS HANDS IN FORMER AGES FEARED.
ONE HOLDS A PERCY TOMB OF PRICELESS WORTH;
THAN ONE, FEW NOBLER FANES ADORN OUR EARTH.

Solution of Acrostic No. 17.

- 1 Peter the Great issued a decree that all his subjects, except the clergy, should shave.
- 2 Men in women's clothes, calling themselves "Rebecca and her daughters," destroyed turnpikes in Wales in 1843. (See Justin McCarthy's 'Short History of Our Own Times,' chap. v, and Gen. xxiv. 60.)
- 3 A famous Japanese general, recently deceased.
- 4 "One of a kind of saints or sorcerers who are held in high estimation in Northern Africa."
- 5 "Shock-headed Peter," the German Struwwelpeter.
- 6 *Esra* is said by Cruden to mean "helper."

ACROSTIC NO. 17.—The first correct solution opened came from Mr. W. H. Harsant, Clifton Club, Clifton, Bristol, who has selected as his prize 'Countries of the Mind,' by J. Middleton Murry, published by Collins and reviewed in our columns on July 1 under the same title.

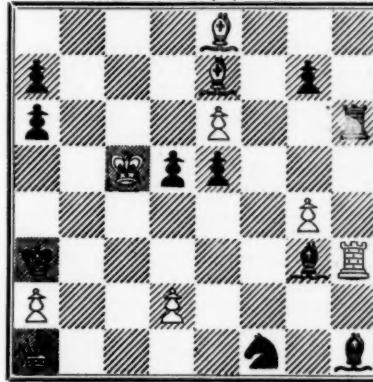
Correct solutions were also received from Oakapple, Baith, and "III." The following had each one light wrong:—Brum, Esiro, V. M. Skipwith, and Gabriel. These, two:—Doric, Rho Kappa, Sol, Lillian, B. Alder, N. O. Sellam, Prophet, T. S. Sparrow, and Koorali; all others more.

OWL.—As long as solutions reach London in Friday morning, all have an equal chance; the envelopes are opened at random, not in the order of arrival, so that country solvers are at no disadvantage. Please note the new rule regarding choice of books.

CHESS PROBLEM NO. 36.

By F. VON WARDENER.

BLACK (11)



WHITE (8)

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solutions should be addressed to the Chess Editor of the *SATURDAY REVIEW*, and reach him by the first post on July 25.

PROBLEM NO. 35.

Solution.

WHITE:

(1) R-R6

(2) Mates accordingly.

BLACK:

Any move.

PROBLEM NO. 35.—The name of the winner is unavoidably held over.

PROBLEM NO. 34.—Correct from R. Wilson, W. J. Hill, J. Bonus, H. Savile, A. Rose, E. F. Emmet, C. O. Grimshaw, M. E. Francis, A. S. Brown, S. Bollon, Albert Taylor, C. V. R. Wright, Spencer Cox, H. Conry, W. Wood, P. J. Wyndham, P. McMorrow, E. S. Elam, W. A. Jesper, Eric L. Pritchard, "Dunstan," W. W. Starling, Rev. P. Lewis, E. Capleton, J. W. M., E. J. B. Lloyd, P. Cotter, H. B. Dudley, W. L. Biggs, W. Llewellyn, S. W. Sutton, R. Black, M. T. Howell and F. T. Walker.

SOLUTION OF END GAME PUBLISHED ON 1ST INST.—(1) B-Q2; (2) B-R5 and (3) P-Kt4, forcing stalemate. (Black's play throughout is immaterial.) Correct from Eric L. Pritchard and Albert Taylor.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. L. PURCHAS AND OTHERS—In No. 34 Kt-K4 and Kt-Kt5 are met by P-Q3; Q-B2 by B x R and K x B by Kt-B6 ch.

J. MACKINTOSH.—The solution of No. 33 appeared on the 1st inst., and obviously we cannot acknowledge solutions dated, as was yours, after publication.

WILFRID STEER (Calcutta).—Glad to hear again and to know that you intend to solve and send regularly. Try and get some fellow-exiles to do likewise. Correct with No. 27.

A. RHYNS-JONES.—After P-Q4 in No. 33, you will find if you look again that Black's K-K5 is too much for White.

The Royal Mint has started a chess club under the presidency of Sir Thomas Kirke Rose, who is also vice-president of the Civil Service Chess Association.

Saturday Stories: III.

YEPO

By MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD

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LADY HAYES was surprised, and hurried up from Sussex to hear about her sister's engagement.

"Why—why Mr. Wedderby?" she asked. "Heaven knows you have had men enough to choose from—and there is always Gerald Burton in the background."

"I know; but I have done it, so there it is."

"His wife has only been dead a year?"

"Fifteen months. I never saw her, but I heard that she was pretty; he was very fond of her—and he is lonely."

"He must be forty? Such a selfish age."

"He's thirty-eight, I am twenty-eight."

"And there's nothing in his face—round, smiling, and rather plump: when he's fifty he'll be stout."

"I should hate it if he grew very stout."

"Of course you would. A man should be tall and thin, like Gerald Burton, for instance."

"Oh yes, he's like a broomstick—but he never seems much interested in human beings. Mr. Wedderby is," she had not courage yet to call him Robert to her sister, "and he has a kind, affectionate nature. You should see him with Yeppo."

"Yeppo?"

"His dog. He's devoted to it."

"Much better to be devoted to you, if you are really going to marry him."

"He is, of course. But I always like men who are fond of animals. He wants us to go to tea—then you'll see the house, and Yeppo."

"What sort of dog is it?"

"A fox-terrier, a mongrel"—Lady Hayes made a sign of derision, remembering her own canine belongings in Sussex—"white, with black and tan markings, and a charming face and manner."

"Well, I believe he is fairly well off," she meant Mr. Wedderby, not the mongrel, "and I shouldn't think he would be tiresome about having his own way."

There was resignation in her voice for there were so many women who could not marry at all. Or tiresomely wouldn't marry, that had been Ida's case; men had always been plentiful, but she had shied, till her people had had visions of her future, alone in a flat at Kensington with a faithful family servant. On the whole perhaps it was a good thing.

So they went to tea. The house was not large, but it was detached and looked especially well that sunny afternoon with the sunblinds down and window boxes full of flowers. Campden Hill, too, had an air of refinement, an intellectual suggestion about it; all sorts of interesting people lived along its quiet ways, artists and writers, people who went to the Royal Institution Lectures, and belonged to the London Library. Their rooms were generally artistic, or showed that they collected things when they went abroad—which they did at the right seasons and to the right places; their friends usually lived in Hampstead or Chelsea, or the little old-fashioned streets of Westminster. When they occasionally dined in Mayfair it was with a slight aloofness of manner, as if to show that their own lot had fallen among the sedate; though they were lenient to the more fashionable or even frivolous among whom they had strayed. Ida felt that her sister would realize this, and that Robert Wedderby must have depths in spite of his round face and smile and the fact that he had not done anything at all, by which he could be identified, at Marlborough and Oxford.

He was in the garden when they arrived. A shady garden, with many trees and a lawn that was a good deal cut up by beds of scarlet geraniums. On one side

there was a summer-house, and a tea table arranged for their entertainment. Yeppo ran towards his future mistress with excited recognition. Mr. Wedderby advanced slowly. He wore a straw hat and a grey lounge suit; his figure suggested the coming stoutness that Ida feared.

"So good of you to come, my dear." His voice was soft and a trifle luscious; he held her hand a moment longer than was necessary, as if to mark the relationship between them, "and to bring your sister." He turned to Lady Hayes. "Yeppo and I are very glad to see you," he gave her a large smile, that exacted one in return. They sat down under a mulberry tree.

"Has Ida told you about this person?" He patted Yeppo, and explained that a mongrel was the only dog one could keep with comfort in London. It was never stolen, or if it were, five shillings brought it back. And Yeppo was so clever, mongrels always were; you couldn't lose him, you might drop him in any part of London, he found his way home again, and he was an excellent fighter. "You'll be kind to him, won't you, Ida?" he asked humbly, "he is a nice beast."

"Of course I shall be very fond of him." Yeppo wagged his ridiculous tail and looked up at her.

"Mrs. Warne loves him," Mr. Wedderby spoke as if he were communicating an important fact. "She is the housekeeper, has been here fifteen years," he explained to Lady Hayes with a little rumbling laugh, "and I hope Ida will keep her, for she is an excellent cook, makes an omelette like a Frenchwoman. She would break her heart if she had to leave Yeppo: she washes him on Saturday afternoons, and kisses him on Sunday mornings as a sort of religious exercise. You will see her presently."

She appeared a minute later, following the maid who had brought out various dishes for the very redundant tea in the summer-house. She was carrying a plum cake, made for the occasion; a pleasant-looking woman of fifty with a square face, a cameo brooch, a large waist and a white apron.

"Mrs. Warne," Mr. Wedderby said, not without agitation, "Miss Calsen and Lady Hayes would like you to be introduced to them. They're delighted with Yeppo."

"Thank you, Miss—and my lady. I hope you will like everything. Yeppo's a dear dog. I can't think what we should be without him." She departed, satisfied.

They made an immense tea, and talked chiefly of Yeppo. Mr. Wedderby explained that his name was made up from the sound of his bark "Yep-yep" when he was a puppy, and that he had to be taken out daily. Twice a week they went to the country, Yeppo enjoyed a train; "we carry our lunch and eat it together in a wood." He looked affectionately at Ida.

He was a dear, simple soul she thought, and she was tired of men who always wanted to talk about books or politics.

"I hope we shall all three do that sort of thing by and by." He stroked Yeppo's head. "I looked at a two-seater yesterday, you might like it better than the train?"

"I should, much better, and we'll go to all sorts of places."

Presently they drifted into the house. Rather good rooms, well furnished, books behind glass in the drawing-room—a set of beautifully bound Dickens, and George Eliot, Gibbon's 'Decline and Fall,' and the Victorian poets. In a box on a side-table a neat edition of Jane Austen. His mother's portrait, an early Rich-

mond, hung over the fire place, near it was a photograph of a pretty woman in a hat. He passed it quickly, and showed them a couple of pictures he had bought because they took his fancy, but he didn't know that they were valuable, and it didn't matter; he rather hated the craze for value. Ida liked him for that. In the little smoking-room there was a whole set of bound *Punch*. "That is Yeppo's mat on the sofa," he said. "You won't mind?" Oh no, she didn't mind; she was twenty-eight, and he was thirty-eight, the house was comfortable, and the dog a mongrel.

II

A month later. It had seemed a long month to Ida with Mr. Wedderby on her hands every other day. But he was very kind. The two-seater had grown into a car of sensible dimensions, there were hints of a week-end cottage well away from high roads so that Yeppo could run about with safety.

Then Aunt Ellen at Weybridge fell ill. And Ida went to take charge of her. Mr. Wedderby was very sorry, but he enjoyed going to see her two or three times a week, in the car with Yeppo. When Aunt Ellen could be left to the two nurses they whizzed along the pleasant roads of Surrey; once they had a picnic in the woods. He brought a luncheon basket with lobster mayonnaise, and chicken, and Devonshire cream to eat with very large strawberries, and explained that Mrs. Warne was a treasure; she had even put in some dainty morsels for Yeppo, who was not allowed chicken bones. Ida enjoyed that feast, but when she looked at her companion's figure a little foreboding took hold of her. She didn't mind. His merits grew upon her. He was not fatiguing, he didn't talk too much or exact many caresses; he just held her hand occasionally or patted Yeppo's head, and looked round at the trees, or threw a stone at an imaginary rabbit and smiled and was evidently content with life.

One day there came a telegram. "Cannot come. Yeppo is ill."

"Poor Yeppo," she thought, but it was rather a relief.

Aunt Ellen grew worse. She wrote asking Mr. Wedderby not to come for a day or two. He answered explaining that Yeppo was worse, too. "He looks up at me with such appealing eyes that I can hardly bear it."

She was sitting beside Aunt Ellen when she read the letter. Aunt Ellen looked up at her, also with appealing eyes. Ida felt that she could hardly bear it.

The next day she had a little note. "Yeppo is much worse. He lies on his mat on the sofa and won't let me leave him."

Ida wrote and consoled him as best she could, but she had no time to say much—Aunt Ellen liked her niece to sit by her bedside and would not be left. She hated herself for seeing something absurd in the double situation, and she was dreadfully sorry for Aunt Ellen—and of course for Yeppo. She had another note that evening. "I fear it is hopeless. His eyes are dim, but he tries to move his poor tail, faithful to the last."

The next day Aunt Ellen died. Mr. Wedderby answered the telegram within an hour. "I feel for you, as you will for me, Yeppo died this morning."

III

She had to go to London forty-eight hours later. He met her with the car. He was very gentle and affectionate. When they reached her door he proposed that instead of going in they should linger for a little while in the park opposite. So they left the chauffeur in charge of the car and walked towards the trees. Presently under a very shady one they found two chairs; they sat down, and he was even gentler and more affectionate. "You look so pale, dear," he said, "but I can quite understand it." She wanted to say something about Yeppo, but the situation seemed a little grotesque and she couldn't. He waited, and then, with her hand

between his own two soft comfortable ones, he said, "Mrs. Warne is breaking her heart. We were going to bury him beneath the walnut tree, but she wants to have him stuffed."

"Oh, no." She couldn't help shuddering.

"I have given her leave." His voice was husky. "It will comfort her."

"Oh, no." She pulled her hand away. "You mustn't—mustn't."

"Why?" He was surprised at her vehemence. "He can be buried beneath the walnut tree just the same."

"But it would be horrible to turn his poor little body out of its skin—to bury it, naked in the ground."

"She could wrap him well round with cotton-wool," he answered consolingly.

"Oh, how can she? Don't let her do it. It's horrible, horrible."

"My dear child, I had no idea you would feel so strongly about it, but what's to be done?"

"Robert," she said. "I simply couldn't come to the house, with that stuffed dog looking at me out of two glass eyes—and his poor thick tail cocked up, just as it always was. I couldn't indeed."

He was amazed. "It never occurred to me that you would feel all this. I thought you would be glad to have him before you, and so did Mrs. Warne; she suggested putting him near the sofa in the smoking-room. I'll tell her to keep him in her bedroom if you like?"

Ida gave a moan.

"I'm sure she did it entirely from tenderness. She'd even arranged to put his little red collar round his neck."

"Oh, I know that people feel differently about things. Of course she means well—I've been overstrung these last few days, perhaps. I must go back to Aunt Ellen's house in the morning, and I am afraid that I shall not see you again till—" she hesitated to mention it after the obsequies of which she'd just heard—"the funeral is over, but I'll write to you."

He looked at her anxiously. "I wish I could do something to console you, my dear," he said.

"You are very kind." She was longing to be alone.

"I should like you to think me kind. You are all I have in the world now, and I think there's no one—no one like you, Ida." There was something in his voice that touched her, it chased away the feeling of almost repulsion that had overtaken her a few minutes ago, and it occurred to her that somehow it was as well that Yeppo had died. He would be more taken up with other interests in life. She thought of the garden, avoiding the walnut tree in her thoughts, and the house, of the long row of elegantly bound Dickens behind glass in the drawing-room, and the little edition of Jane Austen in the box on the side-table, and the many volumes of *Punch* in the smoking room, but she avoided the sofa there and the mat . . . After all, they could do a great deal of reading when they were married, and it was so dear of him to give her a car, not merely a two-seater: they might perhaps take it abroad. She believed he would easily do anything she liked: and she reproached herself, she did not quite know for what, but she had not been able to help her emotion.

Nearly a week later, Aunt Ellen was buried in silence and solemnity, the empty house was filled with strange relations, the things no longer wanted were sorted out and apportioned to the legatees, but Ida stayed on. Mr. Wedderby wrote every day, kind little letters that really soothed her, till, just six days after Yeppo's death, when there came a surprising one. "And now I have some good news for you," it said. "Yesterday I went to the Dogs' Home, and in one corner, just as if he were waiting for me, there was a black poodle. He wagged his tail and looked at me with eyes that quite plainly said 'Do take me home with you.' I bought him there and then and brought him back in the car. He seems perfectly happy. The house is devoted to him already."

I think that you will be charmed with him. He ran all over the place, as if to let me know that he felt it to be his own already. Mrs. Warne feels that a black dog is so appropriate; but she has tied a yellow bow round his curly neck, and another just above the bush near the end of his tail. His hind quarters are closely shaved. We have christened him Zeppo, just one letter further on in the alphabet."

Ida wrote to him that evening. What she said is not recorded, but the following week she went for a little tour in Normandy; she talks of going to Egypt next winter.

On Campden Hill Mr. Wedderby and Zeppo and Mrs. Warne make a contented trinity.

[Next week's Saturday Story will be by Mr. A. E. Coppard. Among contributors to forthcoming issues are Violet Hunt, H. de Vere Stacpoole, Louis Golding, etc., etc.]

Shorter Notices

The New Zealand Division, 1916-1919, by Col. H. Stewart (Wellington : Whitcombe & Tombs, 9s. net). This is the second volume of the popular history of "New Zealand's Effort in the Great War," which is being published under the auspices of the Dominion Government. Colonel Stewart deserves the greatest credit for the literary skill and soldierly insight with which he has carried out the task entrusted to him. He was invited to produce a history of the New Zealand Division in France which should at once be an exact and adequate record of its military work and be attractive to "the intelligent general reader." Our own experience proves his success in the latter object, for we have found this book one of the most lucid and interesting of the numerous divisional histories which have hitherto appeared. We do not doubt that it is as accurate as it is readable. The author has amply fulfilled his ambition "to convey a faithful and sober idea of the atmosphere of war in which the Division existed, of its complex machinery, its demand for strenuous and incessant labour, its hardship, squalor, waste, and its challenge to fortitude, self-denial and gallantry." In Colonel Stewart the "Silent Division" has at last found its ideal voice.

Three Knots, by Wm. Le Queux (Ward, Lock, 7s. net), is a murder mystery in which the various victims are killed by a knotted cord of a particular pattern. It is crowded with incident and its main novelty is that the leading female detective falls in love with the bereaved hero, while the social life depicted in its pages can hardly exist outside the author's imagination. To Mr. Le Queux's public this story may be recommended as a good example of his better-class work.

Kitty and Others, by Agnes and Egerton Castle (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d. net), is a collection of twelve short stories. Six of them are held together by the happenings in the "Castle of a Thousand Shocks," where a young Englishman travelling in France is made sport of by a gay company of revellers; the remainder by the adventures and divagations of the charming Kitty and her friend Lady Kilcroney. The stories are amusing reading, put together with practised skill, and may be recommended for a train journey or the leisure of a vacant afternoon.

Broken Horizons, by Dana Burnet (Butterworth, 7s. 6d. net), traces the career of a foundling, Teresa, who is brought up in a Cuban convent (which, by the way, has very lax rules), trained to sing at the expense of a rich American valetudinarian, betrayed in her ignorance by the brother of her benefactor, himself secretly married, and sheltered by marriage to her benefactor. She becomes a great singer, the brother returns, and the drama of the book opens. The book is evidently the work of a writer inexperienced in construction, and sensitive to colour, it is moderately well written, and is more remarkable for promise than performance.

Salty, by Charles Weston (Collins, 2s. 6d. net). There is not a great deal to be said about these short monologues. Oliver Trimble, owner of the *Salty*, was closely related to other comic longshoremen with whom we are all familiar. A cheery old rogue, his rascallities, as told and excused by himself, make amusing reading, though they are never irresistibly funny. Mr. W. W. Jacobs, at his second best, did much of this sort of thing, and gave widespread pleasure with it, too. Doubtless Mr. Weston will do the same. The book is very well got up for half-a-crown.

Writers of fiction who desire to submit short stories for publication in the SATURDAY REVIEW are reminded that the most convenient length is from 2,500 to 3,000 words, and that MSS. should be typewritten and accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for their return if unsuitable.

Books Received

ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTRES

An Essay Towards a Theory of Art. By Lascelles Abercrombie. Secker : 6s. net.
Discours et Melanges. By Emile Picard. Paris, Gauthier Villars : 10 fr.
On English Poetry. By Robert Graves. Heinemann : 8s. 6d. net.
Things Big and Little. By Gilbert Thomas. New Edition. Chapman & Hall : 3s. 6d. net.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

A History of Persia. By Brigadier General Sir Percy Sykes. Oxford, Clarendon Press : 7s. 6d. net.
Balkanized Europe. By Paul Scott Mowrer. New York, Dutton : \$5.00.
Cartas de Bolívar. Notas de R. Blanco-Fombona. 13 pesetas.
El Conquistador Espanol del Siglo XVI. By R. Blanco-Fombona. Madrid, Editorial Mundo Latino : 5.00 pesetas.
Forty Odd Years in the Literary Shop. By James L. Ford. New York, Dutton : \$5.00.
New Masters of the Baltic. By Arthur Ruhl. New York, Dutton : \$4.00.
The British Empire and World Peace. By the Hon. Newton W. Rowell. Milford, Oxford University Press : 12s. 6d. net.
The Diary of a Journalist. Later Entries. By Sir Henry Lucy. Murray : 15s. net.
The Second Empire. By Philip Guedalla. Constable : 16s. net.
The Western Question in Turkey and Greece. By Arnold J. Toynbee. Constable : 18s. net.

VERSE AND DRAMA

Four Short Plays. By Lascelles Abercrombie. Secker : 6s. net.
Heddon. A Domestic Play in Three Acts. By E. H. W. Meyerstein. Oxford, Blackwell : 2s. 6d. net.
Many Voices. By E. Nesbit. Hutchinson : 4s. 6d. net.
Songs from the Moorland. By May I. E. Dolphin. Oxford, Blackwell : 3s. 6d. net.
The Fairy Doll and Other Plays for Children. By Netta Syrett. The Bodley Head : 3s. 6d. net.

FICTION

Andivius Hedulio. By Edward Lucas White. New York, Dutton : \$2.00.
And the Next. By R. S. Hooper. The Bodley Head : 6s. net.
A Son of Courage. By Archie P. McKishnie. Constable : 7s. 6d. net.
Cyrilla Seeks Herself. By G. B. Burgin. Hutchinson : 7s. 6d. net.
The Haunted Seventh. By Major General Charles Ross. Murray : 7s. 6d. net.
The House of Mohun. By George Gibbs. Appleton : 7s. 6d. net.
The Jest. By Marjorie Bowen. Odhams : 7s. 6d. net.
The Man Who Could Not See. By Mrs. Fred Reynolds. The Bodley Head : 7s. 6d. net.

REPRINTS

Lady Barbarina, Etc. The Reverberator, Etc. By Henry James. Macmillan : 7s. 6d. net each.
Roden's Corner. The Velvet Glove. By H. Seton Merriman. The Sign of Four. Sir Nigel. By A. Conan Doyle. Murray : 2s. net each.

MISCELLANEOUS

Age and Area. A Study in Geographical Distribution and Origin of Species. By J. C. Willis. Cambridge University Press : 14s. net.
Cambridge Plain Texts. Cervantes. Rinconete y Cortadillo. Cambridge University Press : 1s. 6d. net.
Education on the Dalton Plan. By Helen Parkhurst. Bell : 5s. net.
Ou en Est. La Photographie. By Ernest Coustet. Paris, Gauthier Villars.
The Development of the Civil Service. Lectures delivered before the Society of Civil Servants. With Preface by the Viscount Haldane of Cloan. King : 7s. 6d. net.
The Green Ray, or "Green Flash" (Rayon Vert) at Rising and Setting of the Sun. By Professor M. E. Mulder. Fisher Unwin.
The Place Names of Middlesex. By J. E. B. Gover. Longmans : 5s. net.
The Place of Agriculture in the Life of a Nation. By V. A. Malcolman. King : 3d.
The Story of the Canadian Revision of the Prayer Book. By W. J. Armitage. Cambridge University Press : 9s. net.
Visual Geography. Children of the World. By Agnes Nightingale : Black : 1s. net.
Well. By Francis Lord Latymer. The Bodley Head : 1s. net.

The World of Money

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All communications respecting this department should be addressed to the City Editor, the SATURDAY REVIEW, 10, Throgmorton Avenue, E.C.2. Telephone: London Wall 5485.

The Business Outlook

IT really looks as if the fall in the mark, which on Monday was worth less than a tenth of a penny, as compared with just under a shilling before the war, is at last going to stir the rulers of the chief nations affected out of their policy of drift with regard to the question of reparations. That afternoon the Prime Minister was asked in the House of Commons by Lord Henry Cavendish Bentinck, whether, in view of the harmful effect of the still unsettled condition of the Reparation question upon the trade of Europe, and Great Britain in particular, H.M. Government will offer to surrender in favour of France, some or all of its claims on the Reparation Fund, and also make some proposal for adjustment of debts due from France to Great Britain. Mr. Lloyd George replied that it was probably impossible and certainly undesirable to attempt to deal with this problem in the form of answers to questions: but when asked by Lt.-Commander Kenworthy whether he was prepared to make a statement of the Government's views on the matter, he replied that "there may be developments in the course of the next few days which may make it desirable that there should be a statement." He added in answer to another question from Lord Henry, that responsibility in the matter was neither his nor the Government's, but that of several nations whose interests have to be reconciled, and that it was a much more difficult matter than the noble lord seemed to imagine.

AN URGENT NEED

That the matter is difficult everyone knows, but it is the business of statesmen to overcome difficulties, and the world at large cannot afford much longer to be let and hindered in its task of winning its daily bread, while the Allied leaders exchange bows and bouquets and consider one another's feelings. The sands are running out and the impatience of the business world is increased by the knowledge that political promises made to deluded electorates are an important obstacle to the introduction of clear daylight into a problem that will produce economic chaos in Europe if it is allowed to drift much longer. It was very significant that the collapse in the mark had a seriously adverse effect on the value of the currencies of our European Allies, and that its partial recovery, which followed Mr. Lloyd George's statement concerning probable developments, likewise took them up with it. The economic life of Europe depends on the solution of this problem which can only be effected by its being taken out of the political atmosphere and settled in the dry light of business considerations. There seemed lately to be a good chance that this might happen, when a Committee of Bankers, including representatives of America, Holland and Germany, was asked to consider the question of an international loan to Germany. But as everyone remembers, the Committee at the out-

set found itself stymied, because between it and the coveted hole lay the Reparation sum named by the Allies in May, 1921, and France would not allow it to be reconsidered. The putt was not in any case an easy one, and in the circumstances became impossible.

MEETING FRANCE

France's attitude in the matter is quite logical and most reasonable. She owes debts to America and to Great Britain, and is being asked to meet them, we having thought fit to make this demand from her to help us to meet our debt to America. We cannot have supposed that France will be able to pay us, and presumably only asked her to do so, in the evidently futile hope that we should thereby influence American opinion in the direction of cancelling our debt. Whatever the reason for our action, France replies to it, very naturally, that she cannot possibly pay anybody if she is to be asked to abate her claims on Germany, which amount to 52 per cent. of the £6,600 millions at which the Reparations payment was capitalized by the Allied ultimatum of May, 1921. Very well then, what can be done to meet France? It has been pointed out in these columns with wearisome iteration that it is idle to wait for relief from America, and that it is for us to give the world a lead, by taking payment from our European Allies of the £1,100 millions that they (Russia being left out for obvious reasons) owe to us, in the form of German Reparation bonds and then destroying them. By doing so we should be sacrificing nothing but a very remote possibility of cash, and the undoubted certainty of much friction with our debtors; we should do something to relieve the apprehensions of our industrialists and others who entertain fears, probably much exaggerated, of the effect of German competition which is to be, in some way that has not been satisfactorily explained, made keener and more effective because Germany has a vast sum to pay; and we could surely use our concession to secure from our Allies that the whole question of the sum to be paid should be reconsidered by a neutral body such as the Committee of Bankers whose labours were lately so unfortunately ended. This obvious effort towards a solution, with which readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW are now so tiresomely familiar, is evidently gaining ground as a practical suggestion, and has been put forward in an article on the middle page of last Wednesday's *Times*.

OPINION IN AMERICA

Possibility of movement by America in the direction of remission of her debts from the Allies has lately been rendered still more remote by the entanglement of this question with that of the Soldiers' Bonus now advocated by certain politicians on the other side and financially justified on the ground that it can be paid out of receipts on account of Allied indebtedness. At the same time there is a strong and influential body of opinion there in favour of at least partial remission and Mr. Kent, Vice-President of the Bankers' Trust Company, has issued a pamphlet embodying two addresses given by him last May, dealing with the European position and including this item in his programme. He urges it on the ground that by lending money to the Allies America saved the lives of her own sons who were thereby given time to be fully trained before they went to the front. If, then, our Government would only act, its example would be noted by a public in America, which is already being appealed to with arguments that must have some effect. In the meantime we are shipping gold to America as an earnest of our already expressed determination to begin to pay the interest of our debt and there is much talk of a fund.

ing operation and even a fantastic suggestion of a loan to be raised here and in America to pay off the whole sum due to the United States Government.

GERMANY'S POWER TO PAY

At the same time, though it is clear that the Reparations sum has to be revived, it by no means follows that because Germany is now in a position to pay very little, we should rush to the conclusion that this inability to pay is permanent. Having practically wiped out her internal debt by depreciating her currency, Germany can very well, if she is given time, pay later on very substantial sums. What is wanted is that her ultimate power to pay should be decided not by exasperated victors but by some more disinterested body than the Supreme Council, and that as far as possible the payment should be made through loans advanced by private investors who would gradually replace the Allied nations as Germany's creditors. As to the competition in the world's markets that German payments are supposed to be going to produce, we may be very sure that, whether Germany pays a large indemnity or a small one, or none at all, she will be a fierce and efficient industrial competitor, ready to work hard for small profits. Last week the Prime Minister told the Lancashire deputation that successfully urged the reconsideration of the Fabric Gloves order under the Safeguarding of Industry Act, that German wages are "certainly not half the wages that are paid in any industry in this country." This state of things is most unlikely to last and the process of readjustment will be difficult and painful for Germany. But hard patient work for low wages and low profits has been and will be one of her chief assets. There is no reason why, if the matter is put on a reasonable basis, this asset should not be effectively used for repairing the damage that she wrought in the war. The possibilities of trade expansion in the course of the next few years are quite incalculable, when we consider how much the world as a whole wants, and would readily produce if its own bad temper could only be sufficiently exercised to enable it to get to work on the task of supplying its own needs instead of engaging in its own destruction. This productive expansion is at present held back by enmity between nations and between classes, and the course of trade is slack and listless because those who can and will work cannot find a market. If it could only be secured, Germany's power to pay would evidently expand with it.

OTHER INFLUENCES

Apart from the Reparations question, the City had an uninteresting history in the early part of the week, stock markets following the movements of the mark, while the money market was affected by the reduction of credit due to the cancellation of Ways and Means advances by the Bank of England, and by the shipment of a million in gold to America, a process which is expected to continue. Hopes of a further reduction in Bank rate were revived by some optimists, largely on the ground that Bank rate now usually comes down when the reasons for its doing so are at least apparent. These hopes were fulfilled on Thursday and had a cheering effect on the Stock Exchange, though the change in Bank rate caused little alteration in market rates of discount. The June trade returns were not too encouraging, and signs of trade revival are as difficult to detect, as its possibilities are obvious if the political world would give the economic a fair field. But reductions in railway rates have at last been secured by agreement between the railway companies and the Federation of British Industries, and ought to help.

THE GOVERNMENT ACCOUNTS.

During the week ended on July 8, revenue, at £18.9 millions beat expenditure by over four millions, and as the Government also received nearly three millions on

Treasury bonds, it was able to reduce floating debt by seven millions. Ways and Means advances from the Bank of England declined by £354 millions, being largely replaced by Treasury bills and advances from departments.

A QUESTION OF ADVERTISING

Several correspondents have questioned a paragraph which recently appeared in our advertising columns, and expressed regret that it should have been printed. The problem of editorial control of advertisements is nearly as complicated as that of official control of industry, and the solution of both seems to lie in having as little as possible of either. If once the principle is admitted that certain advertisements should not be taken because they may mislead readers, one has virtually guaranteed that everything stated in advertisements may be relied on as true. To draw a line between a paragraph artistically designed by an acquisitive shapusher and a prospectus of a British Government security looks a very easy task until one begins to consider where the line is to be drawn. On the whole the good old rule is in most cases the best for all parties—that advertisements, unless libellous or obscene, can be taken when received from reputable agents, as was the case with the advertisement referred to.

RUSSIA AND OIL

Very interesting and still more depressing is the Fourth Section of 'Reconstruction in Europe,' published by the *Manchester Guardian* and edited by Mr. J. M. Keynes. It deals with Russia and the oil industry, and the picture that it gives of conditions in Russia is so appalling as to be almost hopeless, while the pages of loose and irrelevant talk contributed by distinguished Russian and other experts are even more dispiriting than the facts. For example, a French deputy, a member of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the French Chamber, tells us that "the remedy is for each nation to be the debtor not of one nation but of all the nations, jointly answerable, in a general plan of reconstruction. What is necessary is a financial and economic league of nations within the League of Nations." And Mr. Samuel Gompers says that American labour desires a "politically and economically independent Russia," and insists that "there can be no recognition of and no dealings with any Government which does not exist by the freely expressed sanction of the people over which it seeks to rule." Pleasant aspirations, beautifully expressed; but what is their practical value just at present? On the subject of oil there are articles on "Anglo-American Relations and Oil," by Sir John Cadman, the "Political Side of the Oil Question," the "Oil Resources of Russia," the "Influence of Oil at Genoa," Galician oilfields and Turkish oilfields; and Messrs. Davenport and Russell Cooke write on "The Organization of the Oil Industry" and "Oil Production and Consumption." Sir John Cadman's article points to the probability that the United States may before 1930 "easily be relying on foreign sources of supply for at least half, possibly for more than half, of the oil required by her domestic requirements."

HARTLEY WITHERS

THE IRON AND STEEL OUTLOOK

By J. ELLIS BARKER

IT seems likely that the iron, steel and engineering industries will experience a prolonged period of expanding trade and of considerable prosperity. Up to 1914 iron and steel production increased steadily and rapidly from year to year in accordance with increasing requirements. From 1914 to 1918 the world's iron and steel output was applied principally to warlike purposes. Railways and rolling stock throughout the world were allowed to deteriorate. Railway extension for non-military purposes came practically to a standstill. At the end of the war the world was starving for iron and steel and their products.

The anticipated post-war boom proved short-lived. Unduly high prices led to the restriction of orders. Great strikes in England and elsewhere brought about the curtailment of production, and with the breaking of the boom orders were reduced to the minimum. The United States produce about half the world's iron and steel. Owing to their leading position as producers and consumers, the changes which take place in the American market are of the highest interest to people on this side. The development of the American iron and steel industry since 1900 may be summarized as follows:—

1900	10,188,329	tons
1906	23,398,136	"
1913	31,300,874	"
1917	45,060,607	"
1918	44,462,432	"
1919	34,671,232	"
1920	42,132,934	"
1921	19,743,797	"

Between 1900 and 1913, while British production remained stationary, American output trebled. In the pre-war year the production of the United States was three times as great as that of this country. During the war American output reached its maximum in 1917 with more than 45,000,000 tons, and the expansion of works should enable the country to produce about 55,000,000 tons per annum. After the war output declined rapidly and fell to less than 20,000,000 tons in 1921. The figures show that there must be a great unfilled demand for iron and steel in the Republic. Of late, business has been improving on the other side. The demand for iron and steel has rapidly increased. In May of this year American steel production came to 2,711,141 tons, which compares with only 1,265,850 tons in May, 1921. Output has more than doubled. At the May rate of production the American yearly output should exceed 32,000,000 tons.

One of the most important consumers of iron and steel is the railway. The American works produced of late years about 3,000,000 tons of rails per annum. In addition the railways bought huge quantities of plates, sheets, structural steel, etc. Argentina, Brazil, Russia and the British over-sea countries are in urgent need of railway material and rolling stock. The possibilities of the British Empire may be gauged from the following figures which relate to the pre-war year:—

	Square Miles of Territory.	Population.	Mileage of Railways.
British Empire	12,808,994	439,734,060	134,131
United States	3,026,789	97,028,497	251,984

Although the British Empire is more than four times as large as the United States and has four times as many inhabitants, it possesses only about half the American railway mileage. The doubling of the Imperial railway system is as urgently needed as closer settlement through immigration. As a matter of fact, greatly increased railway facilities will attract settlers to the empty spaces of the Empire. That has been shown by the United States where the railways have preceded the emigrant. Not only the thinly-peopled Empire States but densely-peopled India as well lack railways. Per thousand square miles India has 20.3 miles of railway, while Russia has 34.1 miles. The provision of an adequate railway system for the British Empire will result in gigantic orders to the iron and steel industry and the allied industries.

Iron and steel is being used to an ever-increasing extent in the building trade. In this respect America has led the way. Previous to the war the American building trade was approximately as important a consumer of iron and steel as was the American railway. In the United Kingdom and the Dominions iron and steel is increasingly employed in town structures, and metal is replacing timber and stone for a great many other purposes. The production of non-rusting iron

and steel will naturally lead to an increased demand for them. At the same time it must be remembered that the elimination of corrosion may lead to great economies. It is estimated that about one-third of the iron and steel produced is used for replacing metal that has been destroyed by rust.

The world is starving for machinery. The engineering trades will absorb increasing quantities of iron and steel. The motor car industry alone will consume quantities which a few years ago would have seemed incredible. In 1920 the United States produced 1,883,158 passenger cars and 322,039 motor trucks which requires directly and indirectly considerably more than a million tons of iron and steel.

The whole world has been denuded of iron and steel through the prolonged war and through the universal reduction in output following its conclusion. Wages and the prices of coal, iron ore, etc., have come down, freights by land and sea have been reduced, money has become cheap and the efficiency of labour has increased. There is, therefore, every reason to anticipate an unprecedented demand for iron and steel and engineering products. The current demand of the nations should secure full employment to the iron and steel trades of the world during at least a decade.

It is usually estimated that the American capacity comes to about 55,000,000 tons per year, while this country should be able to turn out 12,000,000 tons of steel per annum. However, there is no reason for considering 12,000,000 tons the extreme limit of British production. Output in this country has been practically stationary between 1900 and 1913, while that of the United States has trebled and that of Germany has considerably more than doubled. The rapid expansion of German and American output has been due to more efficient organization on the one hand and to greater output per worker employed on the other hand. During the next decade or two the demand for iron and steel and their products throughout the world and throughout the British Empire will be very great indeed. Whether the British industries will secure for themselves an adequate share of these orders depends on the attitude of the employers and of their workers.

If we compare the iron, steel and engineering industries in this country and in the United States we find that the Americans go in for production on a gigantic scale. The United Steel Corporation alone has a productive capacity of 22,000,000 tons of steel per annum. That vast enterprise produces practically twice as much as the whole of this country. Recent investigations have shown that the great American undertaking produces far more cheaply than its smaller competitors which, however, are of far greater size than the British works. Although American wages are far higher than British wages, iron and steel and engineering products are cheaper in America than in England. The Ford works pay a minimum wage of \$6 per day. Yet the Ford car is sold in the United States at the equivalent of £80, at which price it yields a huge profit. No British car comparable to the Ford can be produced at double the price.

In May of this year American iron and steel production was more than twice as large as in May, 1921, notwithstanding the American coal strike and the unsettled state of the world. This extraordinary increase is an indication that before long the demand for iron and steel will be absolutely unparalleled. If capital and labour in England continue quarrelling among themselves, and if the workers are determined to keep their output stationary, the prospective and almost unlimited demand will be satisfied by the United States, Germany, France, Belgium, and the British Dominions themselves. If on the other hand, as seems likely, good sense will prevail, the British iron and steel industry should experience a prolonged time of unprecedented prosperity. In 1921 British production was the lowest on record for more than fifty years. From now onward every year ought to furnish a new high record of British production.

THE COMING FAMINE IN COTTON

By SIR E. MACKAY EDGAR

THE article of primary importance to man when he enters the world is food. And an urgent second to this is cotton. Not only because modesty bids him clothe himself, and legal and climatic conditions render some protection necessary, but because as a citizen of a civilized and prosperous country cotton has an enormous bearing upon the life he leads in it. Cloth, motor tyres, aircraft, artificial silks, oils, are only a few of the articles manufactured for his comfort from cotton, and it would be quite reasonable to say that a man living in this modern world without the benefits of the cotton plant would be as happy as an Irishman domiciled in Utopia. The value of the cotton industry to the State, and in consequence to the individual, has an importance which is usually underestimated. The export figures as given by the Government Trade Returns estimated in 1919 the annual value of cotton exports at 240,864,832 millions sterling, and in 1920 they reached the figure of 400 millions. With the exception of coal, which was under Government control, and the export figures unavailable, wool comes next in importance with an export value of 135 millions. Apart from the taxes that the cotton industry pays, other industries dependent on it—the hidden export trade which is one of England's most valuable assets, viz., the finance, insurance, bill discounting, freights, etc., the cotton and cloth merchants, and the thread businesses—are probably worth to the State, as a whole, and at a very conservative estimate, about 200 millions annually, or the whole of the Budget of 1914. This figure shows very clearly the importance in value of the cotton industry to the State, and the enormous revenue which is placed at the disposal of a paternal Government which has so many embryo schemes in mind for the better distribution of the taxpayer's money.

America and Egypt supply the greater proportion of all the raw cotton that is obtainable at present for manufacture, although great strides have been made in the production of cotton in Brazil, Peru, and Mexico. In view of a possible shortage in future, experiments are being carried out to increase the planted acreage, and combat diseases which attack the cotton plants, in districts such as the Niger Valley, and French Sudan, British Nyasaland, Portuguese East Africa, Zambezi, Kenya Colony, as well as the Phillipine Islands and Australia. In the Phillipines, the native varieties such as the Torquillo and Sangley types have proved to be singularly free from the attacks of insects. Zambezi is experimenting in "long-staple" cotton; South Africa, which has now about 15,000 acres reserved for cotton, is finding the best results are obtained from the class of cotton belonging to the big Boll group.

These facts have, of course, little bearing on the present supply of raw cotton; they are only interesting as experiments. Such growers cannot compete with America, who with about 35 million acres already planted could, if it were profitable, bring additional millions of acres of cotton into cultivation. Egypt is trying the grafting of Egyptian varieties on to the American arborescent cotton shrubs which, instead of needing replanting every year, live about fifteen years, and increase in yield up to their eighth year, but this again is in its experimental stage.

It is claimed that the cotton thus produced compares favourably with the Sakellarides which is the finest commercial cotton indigenous to Egyptian soil, but even so the results of such experiments, if adopted, would make no perceptible difference to the average 725,000 bales of cotton which is normally produced by Egypt every year.

The world's production of raw cotton consists of some 16 to 19 million bales, 60/70 per cent. of these being produced by the United States of America (with

which figures we must be mainly concerned, as this crop is the main commercial cotton for all purposes, and is the style of cotton the majority of the world is anxious to increase the production of) but notwithstanding American, French, Japanese, British, and German Mills' normal competition for this, *one of the largest consumers in the world is the Boll-weevil*. The Boll-weevil is an unpleasant looking insect, which has a head very similar in shape to that of a kingfisher, but unlike the majority of insects who are humble-minded, and bear the position dictated to the original snake well in mind, the Boll-weevil has imbibed the American ideas of class equality, and rears itself up on three pairs of legs, very reminiscent of stilts. No one has yet discovered whether it hops or flies, such is its speed, and, taken as a species, the distance it travels is no less than 250 miles per year, and this year has reached the limit of cultivation, except in a few isolated spots in the extreme north of the cotton belt. It was hoped that the cooler climate of the north would prove to be a deterrent, but the weevil has survived it, and appears to be as healthy as in the south. The female Boll-weevil is even worse than the male, since it adds to other unpleasant habits that of laying about ten million eggs, for which it provides a suitable incubator by boring a hole in the cotton bol. As the eggs hatch, the grubs eat the cotton until the ripening bol bursts, which releases them to seek suitable places for hibernation until the spring. The number which then emerge depends largely upon the weather conditions, which have been unusually favourable for the past two years, the consequence being that the prediction for 1922 of five times as many live weevils in hibernation than of any preceding year has been amply fulfilled. This prediction was based on the results given by tests of Spanish moss in Louisiana, which are very carefully carried out, and accurate records kept by the Bureau of Entomology at Washington. This State Bureau, which is under the direction of Mr. B. A. Coad, Mr. Hunter, Mr. E. S. Tucker, Mr. W. B. Williams, and many other able men, has made strenuous efforts to fight this urgent danger to the cotton-growing industry; but the weevil has now got such a hold that the advisability of abandoning cotton growing for two years, or burning large tracts, has been seriously discussed. This on the face of it seems a desperate remedy, but the only alternative to destroying the cotton plant to accomplish the extermination of its enemy, is to allow the enemy to exterminate the cotton. The usual answer to this argument is that cotton can be grown elsewhere, but in Egypt, the next largest grower of commercial cotton, a similar danger in the spread of the pink worm—which keeps pace with increased acreage—is already a cause for anxiety; Mexico, another large producer, has the Boll-weevil in its midst as well as the pink worm. My opinion, formed after a generation of experience in pioneer work in all parts of the world, is that new acreages, assuming they are in possession of all the capital and physical energy required for their exploitation, will not produce two-thirds of the cotton grown in America today for another ten years. Add to this the normal unceasing activity of the Boll-weevil in America, and a problem is presented which a dismayed world will find more urgent, and difficult of solution than any which the present generation can produce. Every method so far, with the exception of calcium arsenate, the use of which is prohibited as yet by its expense, has been unsuccessful in checking the spread of this destructive insect, which has gained for itself in America the nickname of "the billion dollar gold bug." It is a very well-deserved title, for the direct loss caused by the weevil for the last five years is estimated at sums ranging between 400 million sterling, and 500 million sterling, while the indirect losses, such as depreciation of land and other properties relative to the cotton grow-

ing industry, freights, spindles and capital due to this pest, reach a figure impossible to calculate.

The realization of the gravity of the present situation of affairs is only just commencing; the portent of Lancashire presenting the incredible picture of trade petitioning Parliament to be taxed, is not without its lesson. This will be driven still further home when the Boll-weevil causes a famine in raw cotton, from which not only America will suffer, but the whole of the world. Many important persons in America, whose opinions cannot be disregarded, openly state that next year the Boll-weevil will probably increase its consumption to 50 per cent. of the cotton grown in America, which means that, assuming the production of other countries remains the same, the same 150 million spindles of the world can only get sufficient cotton for about 70 per cent. of that number, should they work full time. In Lancashire 42 million of the 58 million spindles spin American cotton; and Germany, which nearly captured the coarse yarn trade from Lancashire before the war, has about 9,000,000 spindles to employ; the United States have approximately 35 million spindles; France has 9,900,000, Italy 4,500,000. In addition India has 6,650,000, and Japan 3,500,000, both taking a considerable quantity of American cotton. Since 1920 these figures have increased, especially in Japan, Germany, and U.S.A. Russia in 1920 had 8,000,000 spindles, but for what proportion of these she will in future require cotton depends greatly on her political position. Great Britain for the year ending July 31, 1921, consumed 1,587,000 bales of American cotton, and during that time Lancashire was experiencing a depression only equalled in 1903. The takings for the season ending July 31, 1922, according to present consumption, should be 1,957,000. During a similar period last year the United States of America consumed 5,246,000, and although this year they have suffered from strikes, their takings are estimated at 6,318,000. Similar figures for the Continent show 2,858,000 for 1921, and 3,733,000 for 1922. India, China, and Japan are also consuming more raw cotton in proportion. Some experts, who are credited with knowledge in America, even express the view that their country will never be able to grow crops like those of 1913-1914, or 1915-1916, which averaged 15 million bales, again, but that her future average crop will be about six or seven million bales. This is a consternating, though somewhat drastic, statement, since it is estimated that the world's coming demand will require at least a twelve million bale crop in America next year to be in any measure satisfied. Owing to Lancashire's extreme depression, and reduced demand, there was a good carry over surplus in 1920, which enabled the 1921 crop to balance with the world's requirements; this surplus has been absorbed, and so has a large proportion of the stocks of yarn and cloth in spinners' and manufacturers' hands, which are known as the invisible supply. The world has been standing out against the buying of cotton goods for a length of time which cannot be extended much further; and though the user of yarn as yet refuses to follow in price the rise in cotton, very shortly the shelves will have to be replenished, and then the coming shortage will be acutely felt. The figures of consumption, which can be easily verified, speak for themselves, but whatever the number of spindles and looms in the world, that number only varies to increase, and not only do increased spindles mean an increasing consumption, but expanding trade means an increased demand. A large proportion of the yarn spun is absorbed by the motor tyre industry, and if in the future the proportion of motor cars in Europe were to reach anything like that of America, which is one car to every fourteen persons, this industry alone will require 20 per cent. of the present supply of yarn per annum to enable them to manufacture sufficient tyres. This is only one instance of many other trades to which cotton is essential, and whose consumption is naturally increasing. It is more obvious in America, where industries are

conducted on colossal scales, and should the drastic prognostications of some of her experts prove correct, and her future crops only amount to an average of six million bales per annum, *America will require this entire amount for her own industries, and of necessity to protect their supply will in all probability impose a high export tariff or prohibit export altogether.*

When all these facts are taken into consideration, it is impossible to avoid coming to the conclusion that a famine in cotton is not only impending, but inevitable. Every normal year witnesses less produced, and more consumed; owing to the low price which has prevailed recently, America has been endeavouring to reduce her planted acreage, and some cotton growers have found it more profitable to grow other crops for some time past. For instance, in Florida citrus fruits are being cultivated; in Georgia and the Southern Atlantic States fruit farms are being planted in increasing quantities, in Southern Alabama pea nuts are being grown, and in some sections have entirely replaced cotton.

The coming demand, as the world finds itself more and more short of cotton, will become so urgent that these growers will hasten to tear up their orchards and replant cotton, but before they can bring it to market and reap the benefit of rising prices, 30 per cent. of the world's spindles will be deteriorating in idleness, not because they cannot afford to buy the cotton, but because *it will not be obtainable*. Whether conditions in the world will be such that it will pay the producers to keep the cotton at a price the consumers can pay, or allow competition to force it to any height dictated by necessity and retain a proportion on their hands will remain to be seen, but during the next few years the results of a shortage will be realized to the full.

The coming demand for cotton will require time to enable it to obtain satisfaction, but during this time the world must be prepared to pay higher prices than before; it is a dubious question if future prices of cotton will be ever again so low as they have been recently in the past. The cost of production is becoming far greater, and the trend of events is not in the direction of lowering them.

In the Southern States of America, the most popular method of operation, since the white men entered the cotton industry, has been to rent so many acres to the black man, who paid a rent of one bale of cotton to ten acres of ground; the black man now only pays one bale of cotton for the use of fifteen acres of ground, since he can only get the equivalent amount of cotton from that acreage, and at the previous rental would be unable to live. Another reason is again caused by the Boll-weevil; during the picking a black man used to be able to pick from under the cotton plants sufficient cotton to pay for his day's work, and give his employer a profit; the Boll-weevil destroys so much of this that he now has to crawl from plant to plant gathering very little from each, and the time taken in picking and the labour required has increased correspondingly. The American cotton grower has still another increase in the cost of production to face, viz., the freight charges; these recently have again been raised by the Inter-State Commission, and it now costs much more to transport a bale of cotton to the coast than formerly. One of the chief reasons for the low price of cotton has been the fact that America has such an abundance of cheap black labour, but how long this arrangement, so profitable to her, will continue is a problem for the future.

The black man in the north has forgotten the conditions of slavery long ago, and demands and obtains a very much higher scale of living. If his notions are assimilated by the black population of the south, which is as yet far behind northern intelligence and business acumen, a corresponding rise in wages is to be expected.

The more the position of the world's supply of cotton for the future is surveyed, the more serious it appears to be—there are so many different affecting causes that, when the position comes to be analysed, the more in-

tricate byways for exploration come to notice. The certainty of the necessity for action is becoming more obvious, for it is quite clear that there are certain vital problems which must be discussed, and solved in the near future in connexion with the cotton industry.

Perhaps the greatest of these is the satisfaction of our demand for a large supply of raw cotton at economic prices; many experts have said recently that unless other countries grow an amount of cotton equivalent to the crop of America, it will not be possible in the future to obtain sufficient to supply the spindles of Lancashire.

The present method of empire cotton growing is not, in my opinion, the best means of obtaining cotton, and although I subscribe to it, I maintain that the natural method of price, demand, and supply attract capital and enterprise more strongly and are far more efficacious remedies than subsidies. The present arrangement to give Lancashire a control supply of raw cotton only succeeds in paying the inevitable loss with the taxpayers' money.

When the shortage is felt, and the demand is urgent, cotton will be grown throughout the Empire, because it will be profitable; subsidies cannot bring about such production nor even hasten it—they only attract unbusiness-like enterprise. Until this happens the world will have to continue with a precarious supply, and in the famine which, in my opinion, will come shortly, on the resumption of normal conditions, put up with a very reduced supply. Lancashire must open its eyes and use its intelligence, for these grave questions require answers which cannot be postponed much longer; the present conditions must not be allowed to bias decisions for future policies, the soundness of which has always been one of Lancashire's assets. Lancashire must realize, and remember the responsibilities it carries for the nation, and must not be hampered by ignorant and uncomprehending legislation. Let us keep up the boast that what Lancashire foresees to-day, the world will follow to-morrow. I, for one, believe in it.

Overseas News

Norway. If our rich American cousins can afford to adopt prohibition with comparative impunity, some of our poorer relations, such as, for instance, Norway, are finding it a source of trouble and even of danger in their intercourse with other countries. The wine-growing nations, like France, Spain, and Portugal, naturally resent the reaction of temperance legislation on the sale of one of their important staple products, and as they are at the same time useful customers of the fishing, shipping, and timber industries, they are apt to resort to retaliation. France obtained in her treaty of commerce with Norway the right to ship there an annual quota of 400,000 litres of brandy—of course, for medicinal use. Portugal, unable to secure similar advantages for her wines, has started a tariff war, greatly to the chagrin of the Norwegian cod fishers, who had normally there a good outlet for their dried and salted fish, which is now being supplied by other countries, such as Iceland, the latter having shown less disinclination to regulate her temperance measures in accordance with the desiderata of her customers. Owing to the triple port dues which are now being exacted from Norwegian vessels trading with Portugal, the shipowners have ceased to send their steamers there, and those who are anxious to retain their old standing connexions with the western shores of Iberia have transferred their tonnage to the register of the Free State of Danzig, and have constituted subsidiaries under the laws of Danzig to run these boats. Spain has shown greater moderation, and has agreed, so far, to renew from time to time the provisional economic *modus vivendi* concluded with Norway after the former treaty had expired. These provisional arrange-

ments lapsed early in July, and negotiations are still pending for a fresh renewal. So as to avoid these temporary measures, constituting a source of uncertainty in trade, M. Rästad, the ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs of the present Cabinet, had consented to propose to the Storting in May last the renewal of the old treaty with Spain, with the stipulation, however, that in future the latter may import into Norway every year 500,000 litres of wine and other alcoholic beverages. The prohibitionist majority rejected these conditions, which were regarded as the death blow to the temperance law, and as the Minister took this rebuff as a vote of personal non-confidence, he resigned. The absence of an agreement with Spain probably will hold up the proposed transfer of the exploitation of the alcohol monopoly to a financial group, with whom an agreement for the constitution of the Wine Monopoly Company had been concluded earlier in the year. This concern, which is to have a minimum capital of 15 million kroner, found by the group, has obtained the sole right to import and to sell alcoholic drink for a period of ten years, which may be extended for a further five. The State is to receive the net profit, but guarantees a dividend of 5 per cent. to the shareholders, which is to be raised by a further 2 per cent. if the net profit should exceed 5 million kroner.

Sweden. As already demonstrated, Norway has found out by now that prohibition constitutes not only a social problem, but also an economic question. Sweden is to tackle temperance legislation presently, and a popular vote is to be taken as regards the adoption of prohibition. The financial side of the problem, however, is finding due consideration in this instance, but unfortunately the expert opinion is divided in this respect. Quite recently the Swedish Legislature adopted a liquor turn-over and licence duty, expected to bring in about 62 million kronor annually; other taxes on drink represent a further 46 millions, consequently, if the expectations of the Finance Department materialize, the total receipts from that much-maligned source should exceed 108 millions, or equal to about 18 per cent. of the total revenue. It is certain that the taxpayers, having an open mind on the main question, will think twice before casting their vote in favour of this measure, which would not only dry up this very considerable source of revenue, but entail further burdens in the shape of trade compensation. However, the Temperance Committee appointed officially to consider the question appears to have come to the conclusion that the Exchequer would lose only 25 millions if prohibition should be introduced.

Finland. Another interesting issue of prohibition has come to the front recently in Finland in connexion with the proposed commercial treaty with Italy. About a year ago France secured the monopoly of importing wines into Finland, where, owing to the existing legislation, alcoholic drinks of all descriptions are treated as medicine. This favoured treatment, meted out to France, is being challenged by the Italian Government. It appears that the Genoa Conference had barred all treaties conferring such preferential rights to one country alone. The president of the committee responsible for this decision was a Frenchman, and the representatives of the French Chambers of Commerce were all in favour of this solution. Italy therefore claims to have a good case, though it is somewhat doubtful whether such a decision can have retrospective effect, and France is being asked to forego her treaty rights. Much depends in respect of the arrangements between Finland and Italy upon the French reply, but the Rome Government, at any rate, is confident as to the result. Italy would find a good outlet in Finland for her fruit, silks, sulphur, and perhaps wines, whilst the latter country would supply timber, wood pulp, tar and tar products in exchange.

New Issues

Leckhampton Quarries Company. Capital £250,000 in 125,000 Eight per cent. Participating Preference and 125,000 Ordinary Shares of £1. Subscriptions are invited at par for 86,900 Preference and 36,150 Ordinary Shares. The company was incorporated in 1899, and owns limestone quarries at Leckhampton Hill, near Cheltenham, where the chief business of the company is carried on. " Practically the whole of the area is available for quarrying, the nature of the stone enabling it to be removed very easily, either in large blocks up to and over twelve tons, or in smaller blocks and broken stone. The whole of the stone quarried is of commercial value, and there is practically no waste." It is proposed to construct a railway about one mile in length, which will give the company direct access and connexion with the Great Western Railway. When the construction of the railway is complete, the company will be able to effect a saving of 4s. per ton on the present cost of transport, and, at the same time, cope with orders. The total cost of the railway with the necessary haulage gear and power, and the further modern lime kilns the company intends to erect, will amount to approximately £50,000. To obtain this sum the company has arranged a loan of £50,000 under the Trade Facilities Act, the conditions which

Company Meeting

MOLASSINE COMPANY.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Molassine Co., Ltd., was held on the 11th inst. at the company's offices, Tunnel Avenue, East Greenwich, S.E., Mr. John Prosser (chairman and managing director) presiding.

The Chairman said: Gentlemen, as you have all had a copy of the report and balance-sheet, I presume we may take it as read. It shows a loss of £17,598 17s. 6d. I very deeply regret that we have not a better balance-sheet to put before you, but those who have any idea of the conditions prevailing in the feeding stuffs business during the last year will, I am sure, not be surprised. All firms engaged in the manufacture of cattle foods have had an anxious time, and, where they have been dependent on that kind of business only, have shown very serious results.

We are dependent to a very large extent on the sale of our principal products to farmers, who, during the last year, have gone through a disastrous period. The weather was against them, the absence of rain last year caused decreased crops, and many of them have bought their farms at very high prices, and in many cases with borrowed money. The terrible effects of the foot and mouth disease, so prevalent for most of the feeding season, also caused great anxiety and loss to stock owners, and seriously depleted the number of animals in the country, consequently reducing the farmer's buying requirements.

It is satisfactory to your directors to know that the loss has not been caused by any speculation, rashly made contracts, or any action that they have to regret. The cause simply and solely has been conditions over which they could have no control. On account of the very poor demand for feeding stuffs, stocks that should have been cleared were left on hand at the end of the financial year. These, however, have been written down to current market prices, and as the company is not burdened with adverse contracts for raw material, they are able to take advantage of the market, and so, given normal trading conditions and a normal demand for feeding stuffs, the directors see no reason to doubt, but have every confidence in the future.

As to the figures in the balance-sheet, the capital reserve, which stood at £25,000, now stands at £7,000, £18,000 having been taken therefrom to adjust the loss on the year's trading. The sundry creditors are down about £6,000.

With regard to the credit side of the balance-sheet, we thought it is well to write £500 off trade marks, patents, copyrights, etc. The item of plant, machinery, motors, and equipment is not very different from last year. Cash at bankers is £10,318 18s. 3d., against £8,318 17s. last year, and sundry debtors are reduced by £7,405 9s. 3d. Stocks are down about £20,000, being £50,811 this year, against £71,234 last year. Freehold poultry farm and equipment has gone up from £16,430 10s. 1d. to £18,204 13s. 2d., caused partly by expenditure on additional necessary equipment and on further payments on account of moors previously purchased.

I am pleased to be able to tell you that the Molassine poultry and dog food business continues to be satisfactory. I now move the adoption of the report and balance-sheet as presented.

Mr. Stanley W. Goodman seconded the resolution.

A brief discussion ensued, and the Chairman having replied to the various points raised, the resolution was carried unanimously.

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include a stipulation that the company will raise £15,000 for working capital by the issue of shares; pay off mortgages, charges and debentures outstanding, etc. Of the proposed issue of shares, a sufficient number has been underwritten to enable the company to complete the arrangements already made to comply with the above requirements, and "this of itself will enable the company to carry on its business on a more extensive scale with very favourable results to the shareholders. The directors, however, feel that the business of the company should be still further extended with the provision of additional working capital, and the proceeds of the balance of the shares now offered for subscription would enable the larger programme which the directors have in view to be carried out." This looks in many ways an attractive venture from what may be called the productive and engineering point of view and very pleasant estimates are given of its future profits; but the prospectus is extremely reticent concerning the company's financial achievements in the past.

Municipality of Johannesburg. Issue at par of £1,000,000 5½ per cent. inscribed stock, 1937-52. The loan is required for drainage, abattoirs, trams, lighting, etc. Including it, the total debt is £7½ millions and the rateable property is valued at £37½ millions. A nice security.

The Half-Year's Issues

The change which is occurring in the situation of industry and commerce is further evidenced in the statistics of new capital issues for June. It is now possible to make a half-yearly comparison, and the result shows that, whereas in the June half of 1920 87.9 per cent. of total capital raised was for employment in Great Britain and Ireland, by the first half of this year the percentage had fallen to 38.4. A comparison of the same periods for overseas countries reveals that the proportion received of the total has risen from 12.1 per cent. to 61.6 per cent. It may be that these figures are merely indicative of the extent of trade depression, and of the consequent limitation of industrial opportunities. A view at least equally tenable is that a subscription in the first half of 1921 of £212 millions for British enterprises and only £29 millions for overseas countries was glaringly disproportionate, and was financing production far beyond the requirements allowed by the purchasing power of potential customers. A balancing now appears to have come about by a process of natural readjustment, and is slowly accomplishing, though perhaps in different areas, what the ter Meulen and other official schemes failed to achieve. It must be admitted that the two largest prospective markets, Germany and Russia, are still without the credit with which to satisfy their great needs, and other important countries are also languishing. A general view, however, must recognize that credit is being distributed over wider fields, and that alternating plethora and scarcity have given place to healthier circulation. The figures given below are based upon the compilation of the London Joint City and Midland Bank.

000's omitted.					
	Great Britain.	India and Ceylon.	British Possessions.	Foreign Countries.	Total.
1922.	£	£	£	£	£
June	... 6,055	12,020	. 410	3,505	21,990
6 months	... 64,597	14,078	35,712	54,300	168,147
1921.					
June	... 15,150	5,070	9,969	2,830	33,919
6 months	... 62,448	14,638	24,485	22,649	124,220
1920.					
June	... 21,277	. 100	5,879	. 304	27,560
6 months	... 212,088	1,514	19,277	8,354	241,233

In America also a feature of new capital issues has been an increase in overseas financing, although not in such a marked manner. We give a comparison below, excluding refunding operations.

(New York Chronicle compilation.) 000's omitted.					
	Total Domestic	Total Foreign	Canadian	Total	
1922.	\$	\$	\$	\$	
May	... 493,489	13,880	5,234	512,603	
5 months	... 1,776,804	312,115	62,406	2,151,325	
1921.					
May	... 234,673	81,000	2,000	317,673	
5 months	... 1,247,288	164,275	16,222	1,427,785	
1920.					
May	... 372,748	—	5,800	378,548	
5 months	... 1,687,326	73,460	18,505	1,779,291	

Review

Organized Produce Markets. By John George Smith, M.A. (Dublin). Longmans, Green & Company. 12s. 6d.

CONSIDERING the importance of produce markets in the existing social and commercial structure, it seems surprising that the general public remains so apathetic to the subject. Few outside of those not directly involved in the buying and selling of merchandise, have any but a very hazy idea of the complicated procedure in use in the distribution of produce, required in order that the equation of demand and supply may be achieved without undue or violent adjustment of prices. The lack of authoritative literature in such form as would be acceptable to the general reader is largely responsible for the comparative ignorance of the public upon a matter which, though possibly unknown to many, has a direct bearing on their daily welfare.

Professor Smith's timely and able survey should, therefore, be welcomed by a wide circle.

The book deals chiefly with those highly organized markets dealing with produce such as cotton and grain, which from their characteristics can be successfully graded to recognized standards and accordingly dealt with in bulk without the necessity of actual sampling or inspection. The organization and advantages of such markets are described in an interesting manner and a mass of highly specialized detail is explained in a style which will be helpful to the professional market man without being too technical for general readers. The author does not confine himself to the constitution and methods of these markets, but has widened his subject to include a discussion on the economical working and steady influence of the existing market methods which should help to clear away much misconception. The method of dealing in "futures" and the various devices adopted to protect not only the dealer but the producing and the consuming public from wildly fluctuating prices are clearly explained. Certain chapters are devoted to the effects of speculative dealing and the author states the case for and against speculation in an impartial and fair manner.

The Appendix containing various specimens of market reports, contract forms, etc., should prove of value to the business man, but the book would have gained considerably for reference purposes by the inclusion of a much more complete index.

Stock Market Letter

The Stock Exchange, Thursday

Sir "Jack" Mullen's face was a study in satisfaction as he announced the reduction to 3 per cent. in the Bank rate. "Now you can sell everything," said the Stock Exchange cynics. Not that they did, by any means. War stock promptly rose to par-and-a-eighth. Tata new scrip, 3½ discount on Wednesday, dispensed with the 3, with a rise to 10s. discount. Oil

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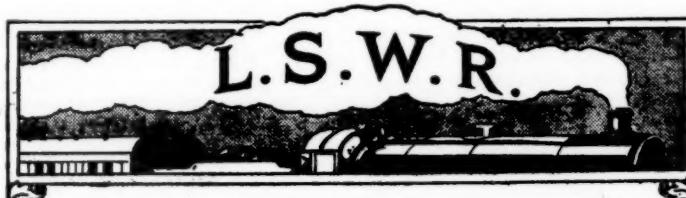
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Yarmouth	52/3	27/3	Exeter	83/3	41/9	115/3
Bournemouth (Central)	52/6	26/3	Exmouth	88/6	44/3	119/3
Bournemouth (West)	54/0	27/3	Barnstaple	91/3	45/9	119/3
Wells	58/6	29/3	Chagford	91/3	49/9	121/9
Glastonbury	61/3	30/9	Okehampton	96/0	48/0	121/9
Swanage	64/3	32/3	Bideford	96/0	48/0	124/0

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shares and Kaffirs braced up. And, what is better, business began to broaden. Evidently there had been buying orders, left with brokers, conditional upon the Bank rate being lowered to 3 per cent.

Not only holidays, but dividend considerations, lead the mind of the capitalist to thoughts of railway stocks. Midland Deferred, Dover "A," North Western, Great Western, Brighton "A" and Great Eastern make up a sextet from which an average yield of 7 per cent. on the money can be drawn. The strength of North Easterns renders this week-end especially interesting, in that Stock Exchange men are looking for some definite announcement of grouping arrangements that shall resolve the gamble, particularly, in Great Central stocks. The cautious point out that the North Eastern Railway is in the position of being predominant in more ways than one. It has had amalgamation and grouping forced upon it; therefore the terms which the Great Central and the other members may be offered are not likely to be so excessive, or so tempting, as they would have been had the North Eastern taken the initiative in the first instance. However, there is not much point in discussing these theories when the whole problem may be unravelled within the course of a few days.

The amalgamation between the South Eastern and the Chatham companies is producing a good deal of soreness on the part of holders of Chatham Arbitration Debenture stock. These holders consider that the terms offered to them are not sufficiently good, and opposition is being organized with a view to defeating the proposals of the companies. This will come to a head at the meeting summoned by the Chatham Railway, to pass the amalgamation resolutions. In other railway stocks the market is to some extent swayed by the speculative position, this week's settlement showing that the bears had been taking liberties with the leading stocks. There being no more timid animal in this world than a bear, the short brigade exhibited keen anxiety to get level when the tone of the Stock Exchange as a whole hardened up on account of the arrangements, said to be on the point of fruition, whereby Germany will be granted a moratorium in regard to Reparation payments.

The Stock Exchange is having an unusually lively passage for the month of July. In the ordinary way, members are accustomed to see business dwindle from day to day, and to be told by their newspapers, as well as by their own experience, that the advent of the holiday season is responsible for a growing apathy on the part of the public towards stocks and shares. There is generally a kind of desperate, dog-days spasm in a few markets which enables the paterfamilias and the Benedick to indulge such flutters as they hope may give them sufficient money with which to meet the coming holiday expenses. Stock Exchange speculation, like matrimony, is said to represent the triumph of Hope over Experience, and it must be confessed that the July speculators, more often than not, go away with a bank balance depleted, rather than augmented, by the result of their thrusting an oar into gambling pools for the sake of making a few pounds to spend at the seaside. Superstition clings to Stock Exchange markets as it does to racing. Many a man will open an account nominally in the name of his wife at this time of the year, thinking thus to win a broader smile from Fortune than might beam upon an adventure confessedly his own. In the House itself, if a jobber does a bad bargain at the beginning of the month, he will think nothing of throwing away the book in which it is entered, and starting another.

JANUS

Money and Exchange

As the Treasury repaid the Bank of England with money acquired from outside sources, the consequent cancellation of credit reduced the market's surplus and borrowers had rather more difficulty in supplying their

needs at rates ranging from 1½ to 2 per cent. The tendency of the discount market might thus have been a shade firmer, but for revived anticipations of a possible reduction in Bank rate. With the bank losing gold to America and expected to lose more, and with the Continental exchanges in a state of hysterical jumpiness, reasons for a reduction in the official rate were not blatantly obvious to those who have only the surface facts to work on; but it was nevertheless announced. Foreign exchanges were dominated by the movements of the mark, which after rising to about 2,460 to the pound on Monday, rallied on expectations that the Reparations question may now perhaps be dealt with on business rather than political lines. The depreciation was accounted for by many ingenious theories of sinister action by the German Government or industrialists, but seems to have been chiefly due to the cumulative effect of Germany's financial position on the value of its currency and also on the opinion about its value held by speculative and other dealers in exchange.

Dividends

AFRICAN AND EASTERN CORPORATION.—No dividend on Ord. for 1921.

BANK OF LIVERPOOL AND MARTINS.—Interim 4s. per share (as a year ago) for past half year, equal to 16 p.c. per annum.

BARNAGORE JUTE FACTORY.—Final 5 p.c. on Ord., making 10 p.c. for year ended March 31.

BROOKE BOND.—10 p.c. for year to June 7 and bonus of 1s. per share.

CORK, BANDON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.—At 2 p.c. per annum on Ord. for half year ended June 30, being at the same rate as a year ago.

COSTA RICA RAILWAY.—1½ p.c. on Capital stock for year ended June 30.

DUNDEE, PERTH AND LONDON SHIPPING.—Final 6 p.c., making 10 p.c. for year ended May 31.

HAZELWOOD SHIPPING.—Final 1s. per share, making 2s. per share for year ended May 16.

LLOYDS BANK.—Interim for half year ended June 30 of 1s. 8d. per share, being at the rate of 16½ p.c. per annum. This is at the same rate as a year ago.

LONDON COUNTY WESTMINSTER AND PARRS BANK.—Interim of 10 p.c. for the half year ended June 30 on the £20 shares (as a year ago) and the maximum dividend of 6½ p.c. on the £1 shares for the same period.

MANCHESTER AND COUNTY BANK.—Interim at the rate of 6s. per share, being at the same rate as a year ago.

MANCHESTER AND LIVERPOOL DISTRICT BANKING CO.—Interim for half year ended June 30 of 5s. 6d. per share (as a year ago), being at the rate of 18½ p.c. per annum.

NATIONAL PROVINCIAL AND UNION BANK OF ENGLAND.—Interim at the rate of 16 p.c. per annum, being at the same rate as a year ago.

REEVES AND SONS.—10 p.c. on Ordinary for year ended April 30.

SECOND INDUSTRIAL TRUST.—Final 2 p.c. on Ord., making 5 p.c.

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SUTHERLAND STEAMSHIP.—Final 1s. per share, tax free, making 10 p.c., tax free, for year to June 30.

UNION BANK OF MANCHESTER.—At the rate of 20 p.c. per annum for half year ended June 30, being at the same rate as a year ago.

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Publications Received

"Manchester Guardian Commercial." *Reconstruction in Europe. Section Four. Russia. The Oil Industry.* 1s. Cull and Co.'s *Financial Review.* July. Annual subscription £1. Post free.

The Post War Investor. By "Palinurus."

Financial News. 1s. 6d.

Monthly Review. July. *Barclays Bank.*

Raw Materials Review and Manufacturer's Gazette. July. 1s. This is a new publication the objects of which are indicated by the title. In format and also the type of information conveyed the Review resembles the *Board of Trade Journal*, but is more detailed in its references.

Statistical Bulletin for May. National Federation of Iron and Steel Manufacturers.

The Financial Questions at the Genoa Conference. Part II. Swiss Bank Corporation.

The Human Factor in Industry. By Robert R. Hyde. With a Foreword by Sir Wm. Mackenzie. Industrial Welfare Society.

15 July 1922

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Cotton, fully middling, American per lb.	13.48d.	13.90d.	8.67d.
Cotton, Egyptian, F.G.F. Sakel per lb.	10.75d.	20.35d.	16.50d.
Hemp, N.Z. spot, per ton	£31.10.0	£31.0.0	£40.10.0
Jute, first marks "	£36.10.0	£36.10.0	£28.5.0
Wool, Aust., Medium "			
Greasy Merino lb.	16d.	16d.	14d.
La Plata, Av. Merino lb.	13d.	13d.	9d.
Lincoln Wethers lb.	7d.	7d.	6d.
Tops, 64's lb.	56d.	56d.	40d.
Rubber, Std. Crepe, lb.	7d.	8d.	10d.
Leather, sole bends, 14-16lb. per lb.	2s. 4d.	2s. 4d.	2s. 6d.

OVERSEAS TRADE (in thousands)

	June, 1922.	June, 1921.	1922.	six months
Imports	84,298	88,172	487,263	£571,865
Exports	52,146	38,152	351,762	368,895
Re-exports	8,720	7,083	55,671	49,686
Balance of Imports	23,432	42,937	80,830	153,284
Expt. cotton gds. total	14,061	9,605	90,427	94,416
Do. piece gds. sq. yds. 311,907	152,639	1,850,860	1,211,022	
Expt. woollen goods	4,917	3,285	28,454	32,156
Export coal value...	5,392	12	30,848	15,434
Do. quantity tons...	4,794	7	27,184	6,025
Export iron, steel...	4,278	2,771	30,359	38,150
Export machinery...	2,322	5,288	25,974	41,120
Tonnage entered ...	3,822	3,274	19,957	17,307
" cleared ...	4,975	1,983	26,888	13,701

INDEX NUMBERS

United Kingdom—	June, 1922.	May, 1922.	Apr., 1922.	June, 1921.	July, 1914.
Wholesale (Economist).	1,000 $\frac{1}{2}$	1,040 $\frac{1}{2}$	1,008 $\frac{1}{2}$	1,174 $\frac{1}{2}$	579
Cereals and Meat ...	676 $\frac{1}{2}$	657	667	665 $\frac{1}{2}$	352
Other Food Products	1,135	1,079	1010	973 $\frac{1}{2}$	616 $\frac{1}{2}$
Textiles	690	710 $\frac{1}{2}$	709 $\frac{1}{2}$	973	464 $\frac{1}{2}$
Minerals	887	885	890	1,023 $\frac{1}{2}$	553
Total	4,389	4,372 $\frac{1}{2}$	4,395	4,810	2,565
Retail (Ministry of Labour)—	May, 1922.	Apr., 1922.	Mar., 1922.	May, 1921.	July, 1914.
Food, Rent Clothing, etc.	180	181	182	219	100
Germany—Wholesale (Frankfurter Zeitung)	June 1, 1922.	May 1, 1922.	Apr. 1, 1922.	June 1, 1921.	average
All Commodities	606	586	543	132	9.23
United States—Wholesale (Babstree's)	June 1, 1922.	May 1, 1922.	Apr. 1, 1922.	June 1, 1921.	Aug. 1, 1914.
All Commodities	11,9039	11,744	11,5317	10,6169	6,7087

FREIGHTS

	July 13, 1922.	July 6, 1922.	July 13, 1921.
From Cardiff to West Italy (coal)	11/6	10/0	17/6
Marseilles	10/3	10/3	17/0
Port Said	12/0	12/0	17/6
Bombay	22/0	22/0	22/6
Islands	10/0	10/0	12/0
B. Aires	14/6	14/6	17/0
Australia (wheat)	42/6	42/6	63/9
R. Aires (grain)	16/3	20/0	47/6
San Lorenzo	17/6	22/6	50/0
N. America	2/9	2/9	5/9
Bombay (general)	18/0	18/0	27/6
Alexandria (cotton-seed)	9/6	10/0	15/0

TRADE OF COUNTRIES (in millions)

COUNTRY.	Months.	1922.			+ or -
		Imports.	Exports.	Exports.	
Belgium	Fr. 3	2,031	1,334	— 697	
Czechoslovakia	Kr. 12 $\frac{1}{2}$	22,435	27,312	+ 4,877	
Denmark	Kr. 4	401	332	— 69	
Finland	Mk. 4	810	718	— 92	
France	Fr. 5	8,820	9,199	+ 379	
Germany	Mk. 4	75,814	73,109	— 2,705	
Greece	Dr. 1	159	68	— 76	
Holland	Fl. 4	651	376	— 275	
Spain	Pes. 12 $\frac{1}{2}$	1,260	798	— 462	
Sweden	Kr. 4	337	230	— 107	
Switzerland	Fr. 3	445	402	— 43	
B. S. Africa	£ 12 $\frac{1}{2}$	53	61	+ 8	
Brazil	Mrs. 12 $\frac{1}{2}$	1,690	1,710	+ 20	
Canada	\$ 12 $\frac{1}{2}$	748	740	— 8	
Egypt	£ 12 $\frac{1}{2}$	56	42	— 14	
F.M.S.	£ 12 $\frac{1}{2}$	12	15	+ 3	
India	Rs. 2	74.46*	68.22*	— 6.24*	
Japan	Yen. 5	931	551	— 380	
New Zealand	£ 12 $\frac{1}{2}$	43	45	+ 2	
United States	\$ 5	1,160	1,486	+ 326	
		*Lakhs.	1921+	†To Mar. '22.	

SECURITY PRICES

BRIT. AND FOREIGN GOVT.

	July 13, '22.	July 6, '22.	July 13, '21.
Consols	58 $\frac{1}{2}$	57 $\frac{1}{2}$	47 $\frac{1}{2}$
War Loan	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ %	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	95 $\frac{1}{2}$
Do.	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ %	95 $\frac{1}{2}$	81 $\frac{1}{2}$
Do.	5 %	100	87 $\frac{1}{2}$
Do.	4 %	101 $\frac{1}{2}$	101 $\frac{1}{2}$
Funding	4 %	88	87 $\frac{1}{2}$
Victory	4 %	89 $\frac{1}{2}$	70 $\frac{1}{2}$
Local Loans	3 %	65	65
Conversion	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ %	77 $\frac{1}{2}$	63
Bank of England	250	247	181 $\frac{1}{2}$
India	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ %	66 $\frac{1}{2}$	67 $\frac{1}{2}$
Argentine (86)	5 %	100	94
Belgian	3 %	70	62 $\frac{1}{2}$
Brazil (1914)	5 %	71 $\frac{1}{2}$	56
Chilian (1886)	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ %	86	74
Chinese	5 % '96	93	93 $\frac{1}{2}$
French	4 %	30 $\frac{1}{2}$	35
German	3 %	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
Italian	8 $\frac{1}{2}$ %	21	26
Japanese	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ % (1st)	105	118 $\frac{1}{2}$
Russian	5 %	11	13 $\frac{1}{2}$

RAILWAYS

Great Central Pref.	22	19 $\frac{1}{2}$	9
Great Eastern	40	40	26 $\frac{1}{2}$
Great Northern Pref.	66	66	41 $\frac{1}{2}$
Great Western	103 $\frac{1}{2}$	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	68
Lond. Brighton Def.	61	60	38
Lond. Chatham	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
L. & N.W.	102 $\frac{1}{2}$	101 $\frac{1}{2}$	70 $\frac{1}{2}$
L. & S.W. Def.	30	29 $\frac{1}{2}$	19 $\frac{1}{2}$
Metropolitan	48	48 $\frac{1}{2}$	25 $\frac{1}{2}$
Do. District ...	39	38 $\frac{1}{2}$	17
Midland Def.	67 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	45 $\frac{1}{2}$
North Brit. Def.	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	17 $\frac{1}{2}$	11
North Eastern	118 $\frac{1}{2}$	117 $\frac{1}{2}$	70
South Eastern Def.	36	35 $\frac{1}{2}$	22 $\frac{1}{2}$
Underground "A"	6/3	6/6	6/3
Antofagasta	67	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	46
B.A. Gt. Southern	78	79	51
Canadian Pacific	157	156 $\frac{1}{2}$	149
Central Argentine	68	68 $\frac{1}{2}$	47
Grand Trunk	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Do. 3rd Pref.	5	5	12 $\frac{1}{2}$
Leopoldina	29 $\frac{1}{2}$	28 $\frac{1}{2}$	18
San Paulo	125	127	116
United of Havana	64 $\frac{1}{2}$	65 $\frac{1}{2}$	59
INDUSTRIALS, ETC.			
Anglo-Persian 2nd Pref....	27/6	26/6	22/0
Armstrongs	17/0	17/6	17/9
Brit.-Amer. Tobacco	77/3	76/3	67/6
Burmah Oil	5 13/32	5 $\frac{1}{2}$	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Coats	61/0	61/0	50/0
Courtaluds	51/9	51/3	39/0
Cunard	19/9	20/0	18/9
Dorman Long	17/6	18/0	17/6
Dunlop	8/9	8/9	10/7 $\frac{1}{2}$
Fine Spinners	40/0	39/6	36/9
Hudson Bay	6 $\frac{1}{2}$ x D	6 $\frac{1}{2}$	6 $\frac{1}{2}$
Imp. Tobacco	63/3	63/0	50/0
Linggi	25/0	26/6	27/6
Listers	24/9	25/6	17/9
Marconi	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
Mexican Eagle	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	3 7/32	5 $\frac{1}{2}$
P. & O. Def.	305	315	325
Royal Mail	92 $\frac{1}{2}$	90 $\frac{1}{2}$	85
Shell	4 19/32	4 11/16	5 13/32
Vickers	13/6	13/7 $\frac{1}{2}$	13/0

"It is pleasant to see so old-established a Review so vigorous and progressive—a thing of to-day and not a mere survival."

—*Evening News*, 1st July, 1922.

To Our Readers

¶ *In these days of bureaucratic influence on the Press it is more than ever important to have commentaries on public matters which are at once well informed and absolutely independent.*

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¶ *Every regular subscriber to the SATURDAY gives moral and material support to these objects, and ensures a weekly intellectual provision for his household. A subscription form will be found on page 125.*

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